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# Goblin

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*Dick Taylor*

"THE FIRST  
GOLD DIGGER"  
*OR*  
"THE ANCESTOR OF ALL FLAPPERS"

25¢



# When She Has the Stage All Set

. . . . and you are one down and one to go . . . . and  
your little speech is all over . . . . not at all like you  
had written it out . . . . DON'T SPOIL the good effect  
. . . . be sure it is a

## THE BLUE BIRD GENUINE DIAMOND RING

Send for "The Book That Lovers Love"—to:

MAURICE J. WALSH, LIMITED

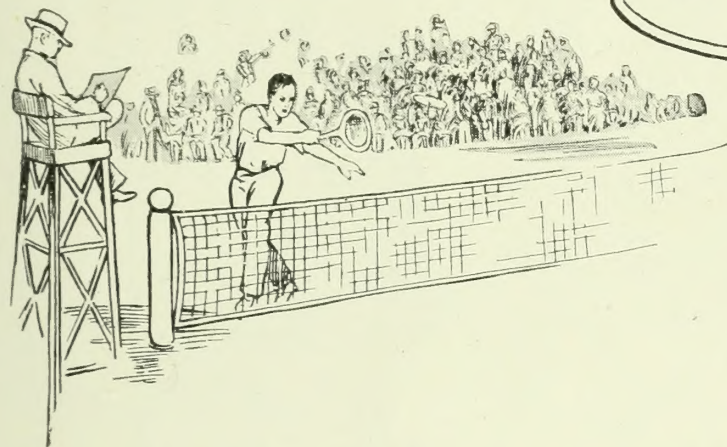
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910 FEDERAL BLDG. - - TORONTO, ONTARIO

Canadian Division of

THE BLUE BIRD DIAMOND SYNDICATE

COOL!



*As light as a fleecy cloud on a summer sky—and as comfortable as no hat at all.*

*The "AEROWEIGHT" and the "CRUSHER" feather-weight felt hats designed and made for summer wear.*

# THE BROCK HAT

## The St. Lawrence hat

MADE BY THE WOLTHAUSEN HAT CORPORATION, LIMITED.  
ALSO MAKERS OF THE WOLTHAUSEN, PEER AND HORTON HAT

## GOBLIN



"What are you standing over there throwing rocks at that little boy for?"  
"I dasn't go no closer, ma'am. He's got the whooping cough!"

# Goblin

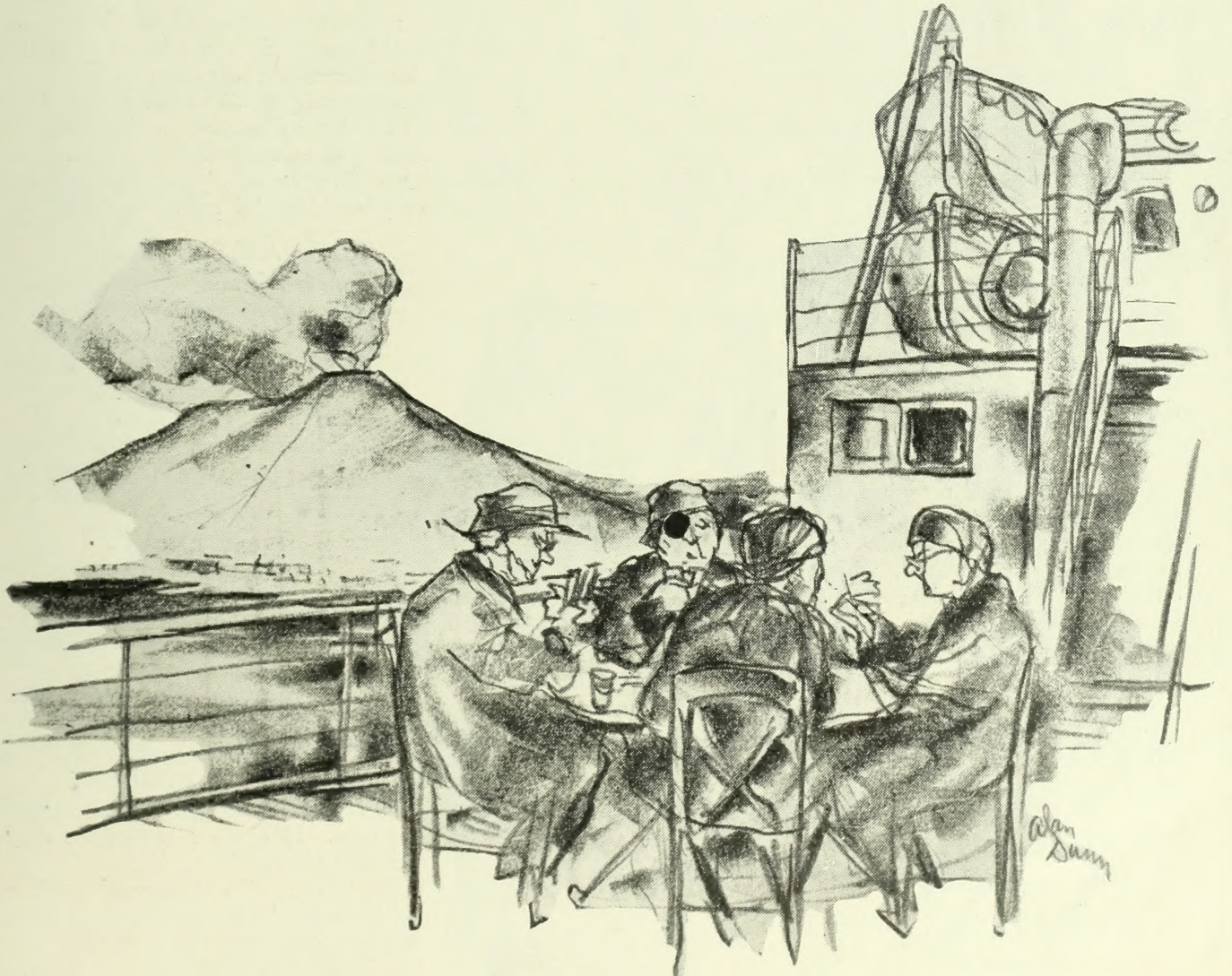
## Holiday Afternoon

BY STEPHEN MOON

I SAT upon the extra seat  
 And she sat in the middle,  
 Between Professor Deeper and  
 The poet, Barton Biddle.  
 The road spun like a river bright,  
 Through many a leafy mile.  
 But, being with such clever folk,  
 She was afraid to smile.

"For beauty is," so said the first,  
 "Objective stimuli."  
 (The shadows on her face were like  
 Soft clouds upon the sky.)  
 "And beauty," said the poet, "is  
 A far, elusive isle."  
 And, being with such clever folk,  
 She was afraid to smile.

They talked of beauty all the way,  
 And when we stopped for tea,  
 Within a tavern garden  
 At a table 'neath a tree,  
 I held her hand beneath the cloth  
 For just a little while,  
 But, being with such clever folk,  
 We were afraid to smile.



*"Yes, one's intellectual development is certainly not complete without the broadening influence of a Mediterranean cruise. Two no trumps!"*

## And There Was Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing

"YES," said Lindberg, speaking quietly and modestly, "I had a tooth-brush, but I forget where I got it!"

Chorus of druggists, weeping softly,  
"Oi-oi-oi-oi-oi-oi!"

"Yes," said Lindberg, speaking quietly and softly, also modestly,

"I had a sandwich or so, but I forget where I got them!"

Chorus of bakers, mustard men, butter-and-egg men, ham, beef,

Chicken or what-you-prefer men, weeping bitterly,  
"Oi-oi-oi-oi-oi-oi!"

"Yes," said Lindberg, speaking softly, wearily and modestly.

"I had a pair of pants, but I forget where I got them."

Chorus of cloaksmen and suitsmen, weeping hopelessly,  
"Oi-oi-oi-oi-oi-oi!"

And so on even unto intimacy.

"Say, Lindberg, didn't you have an aeroplane or something?"

"Oh, yes!" said Lindberg, "but as no one asked me about it I never mentioned it."

### Plenty of Practice

Manager: "So you think you are qualified for a job as floorwalker? What experience have you had?"

Applicant: "I have a pair of twins at home that have just finished teething."

\* \* \*

### High Pressure Stuff

It was a coloured preacher who said to his flock: "Us hab a collection to take dis mawnin', an' fo' de glory ob Hebben, which-ebber one ob you niggers what stole de turkeys frum Mister Cunnel Smif, don't put no money on de plate."

It was some time later that the sermon was started, but not until the collectors had made two rounds of the congregation in order to take up the record-breaking collection.

\* \* \*

### "Oh, the Sailor's Life"

She took him for her mate  
Did Lizzie Zipper;  
But he turned out  
To be a skipper.



"ROSE? THIS IS DAISY!"

## Latest Releases in Statistics

*During the last twelve months:*

Nine flappers seated in street-cars didn't cross their legs and try to pull their skirts down over their knees.

5,801,557 persons bought nothing on the instalment plan. Of this number, 5,801,549 were children under ten years of age.

5,799,911 children, when told to go to bed, replied, "I do' wanna."

45,281,009 theatre patrons accompanied the orchestra with their feet on the seat ahead.

8,575 novelists and short-story writers wrote 1,950,337 sentences lacking either subject or predicate.

Twenty-three children were spanked.

381 hunters were shot; 12,746 were half-shot.

Fourteen people managed to get the balances in their pass-books and cheque-books to agree.

—R. K. H.

\* \* \*

A traveller stopping at a small south Georgia town, asked the old negro, who was taking him to the hotel in a dilapidated old cab, his name.

"George Washington, sah," was the answer.

"Well, that's a name well-known to everyone in the country," replied the traveller.

"I reckon hit oughter be, sah," came back the old negro, "I'se been drivin' heah foh more'n fo'ty yeahs!"

### And Her Meal

I've got a brand new sweetie now;  
She works at checking coats.  
She's just a little Quaker maid,  
But, boy! she knows her oats.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "If a farmer sold a thousand bushels of wheat at two dollars a bushel, what would he have?"

Bright Pupil: "An auto!"

\* \* \*

### A Requirement

"Is there any chance of a job with the fire department?" asked the young man.

"Maybe," replied the chief. Can you play checkers?"

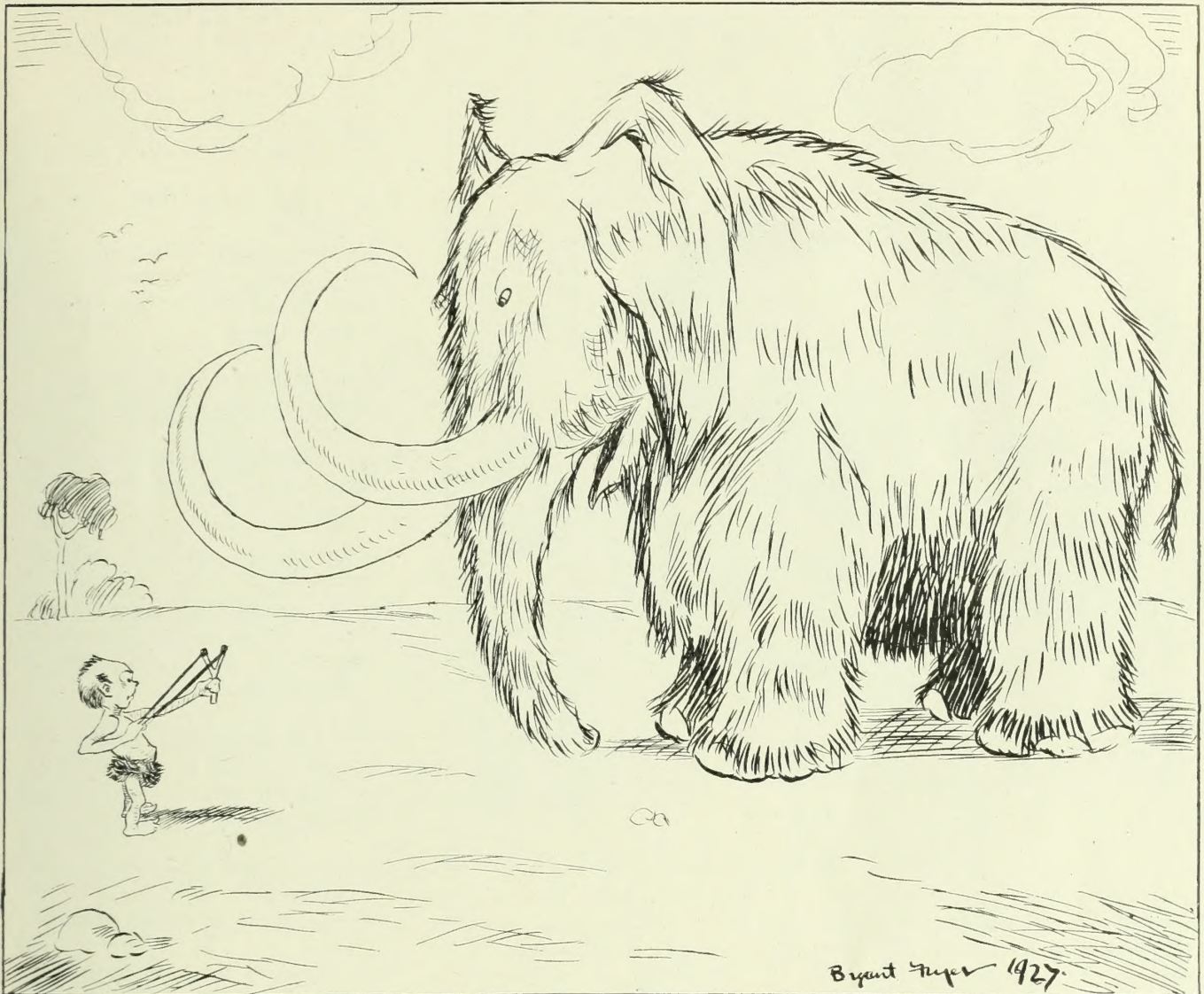
\* \* \*

### Kill Him!

Cop: "I've got a bank robber here. How big a reward do they offer for one?"

Chief: "A thousand dollars for a live one, two thousand for a dead one."

"Give me a couple of cartridges then."



THE DISCOVERY OF THE PROCESS TRIAL AND ERROR

### Three Poems for Music

BY RONALD EVERSON

#### Gifts

#### The Riders

**T**WO men rode down by Raglan  
A good long time ago;  
They brought a mare to Durham  
fair,  
A right fine mare for show.

Two men rode down by Raglan  
In that remote September;  
So careless, gay and young were  
they  
It hurts me to remember.

**I** COULD bring her, maybe, songs  
That I heard some time ago,  
Down the wood-lot or the creek  
Or I don't exactly know.

I could bring her, maybe, rhymes  
I was reading for a bit,  
From a book, I think it was;  
I forget the name of it.

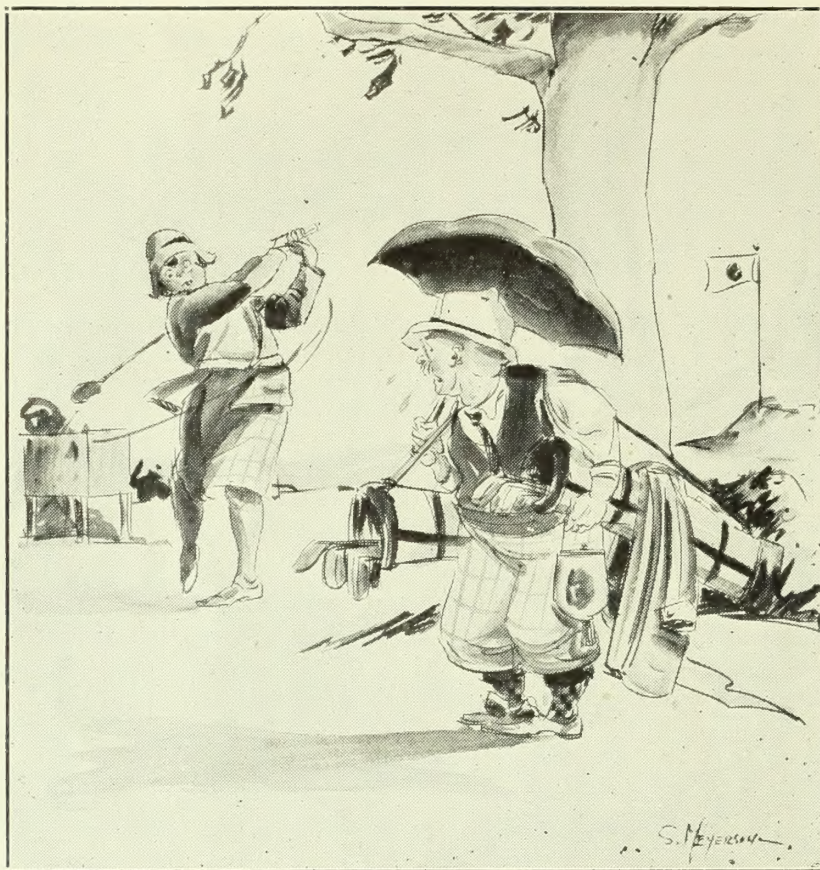
I could bring her, maybe, dreams  
I have found inside my hat;  
Bring them to her now, I could,  
If she cared for things like that.

#### The Stranger

**T**HERE when you turned your  
head just now,  
You were no longer you,  
And I was left astounded here  
By side of someone new.

So that was why I shouted then  
With all my might and main;  
I made the stranger turn her head  
And you were you again.

## GÖBLIN



HIS HANDICAP

### What We May Expect

(A long-range searchlight gun, which can shoot pictures or images on clouds or buildings, has been perfected by the General Electric Illuminating Laboratory at Schenectady, N.Y.—News Item.)

"Isn't that sunset just too wonderful? Look how clear Twitchley's Gum and Lyon's Pork and Beans stand out on that lovely orange background!"

"Aw, mom, I was readin' all about Aunt Selina's Waffle Flour on a big black cloud an' I got soaked before I knew it."

"Your Honour, the prisoner was looking at a ladies' hosiery ad in the clouds when he drove through the window of the delicatessen store."

"Dear Sirs:

"In reply to your advertisement in this morning's sky, I beg herewith," etc., etc.

"Yep, sure looks like rain tomorrow, Cy. Sun went down behind Jimbly's Dog Biscuits."

"Interviewed on landing by a squad of reporters, Mr. Hector Albright, the well-known landscape painter, declared that, owing to the multiplicity of advertisements in the heavens, it will soon be impossible to paint clouds with any degree of subtlety or exactness. In the interests of pure art, he advocates government control of all sky within fifteen degrees of the horizon."

—R. K. HALL.

\* \* \*

### Economy

"Plan to eat dinner on Nov. 3rd with the Baptist ladies. The same wonderful dinner as they served last year."—Custer County (Neb.) Chief—(adv.)

Menus that last.

### The Second Balcony PATRONIZED by hardy climbers

Who adore the better plays,  
Reminiscent, sad old-timers  
Who hark back to other days.

Days when seats there cost a quarter,  
Not the current dollar-ten.  
Bless my soul, a lot of water  
Has flowed down the stream  
since then!

College girls on short vacation,  
Clerks who work for Mr. Woolworth,  
Rapt in eager concentration,  
Duly sworn to get their full worth.

Though their knees are sore from cramping,  
Quite unruffled they ignore them,  
As they eye the frenzied vamping  
That takes place down there  
before them.

While their favourite actors bandy  
Words of wrath or acclamation,  
They serenely munch their candy  
And ignore the ventilation.

But greet not with scorn and sneering  
These dear thrifty-minded masses.

They support those pioneering  
Souls who barter opera glasses.

If you look on them with pity  
It's a sign you hardly know them,  
For these backbones of your city  
Even have the stars below them.

PARKE CUMMINGS.

\* \* \*

Grandpa: "Tell me what this is, Carol—c-a-t."

Carol: "O Granddad, don't expect me to remember every little peanut broadcasting station in the country!"

\* \* \*

### Slavery!

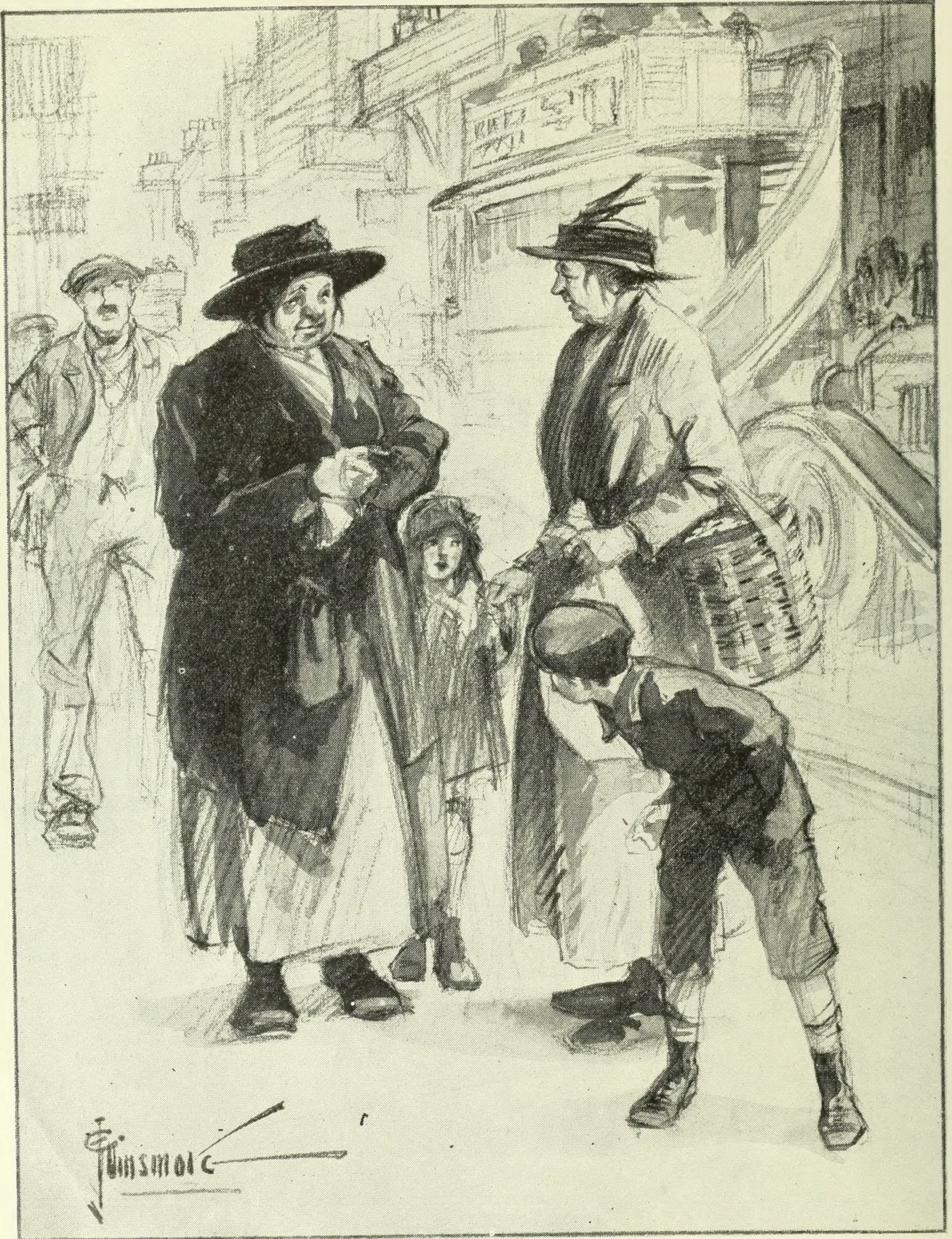
"WANTED: Salesmen with car to sell colored people. See Mr. Smith, 339 Capitol Ave."  
—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution—  
The reactionary South.





"HAS SHE GOT 'IT'?"  
"BOY, SHE'S GOT THOSE!"

## GOBLIN



*"Has your husband got a steady job now, Mrs. Jones?"*  
*"I think so, mum. The judge gave him twenty years' hard labor."*



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MANAGING EDITOR—JOSEPH EASTON McDOUGALL

VOLUME VII—NUMBER 12

AUGUST, 1927

25c A COPY—\$3.00 A YEAR

## “The Old Gang Will Be There”



HOW could we resist the fountain of rhetoric: “Come back this year to Chateau Scugamagomog; the old gang will all be there. Amid the spruce-covered hills and by the sun-flecked waters of Lake Ondejonwabunsh-ganoque, amid the happy company of old friends, you may once again recover the summer joy that was yours when you were with us last year. Rates \$60.00 a week up. The boat-house has been refloated and enlarged. The tennis courts are better than ever, and doesn't it make you impatient when you remember those thrilling “hikes” in the woods, and Mrs. Brown's “luscious” picnic hampers? The launch will meet you at the station. Rates \$5.00 return . . . .”

The circular was too affecting. As we laid it down on the desk and wiped away from our eyes the tears which had been caused by cigarette smoke, we recaptured again the spirit of our last vacation. Yes, no doubt the old gang would be there. There would be Mrs. Carp, that dear old soul who was so enthusiastic about the younger generation; she would perish rather than miss one of the dances, and who was always down at the dock when the picnickers returned, continually disappointed, poor dear, for the nasty empty beer bottles were always left behind, and she was forced to draw on her own excellent imagination for evidence of the saturnalias which she knew these affairs were. The Younger Generation, they were new life to her. She was one of the ugliest products of the Jazz Age.

We realized that there would be Johnny Montague and Julie Capulet, the perennial lovers. For six years now this painful pair had been coming to the summer resort with the unpronounceable name, and they just

somehow hadn't seemed to be married yet. Maybe Johnny's uncle had not yet been fully persuaded about that job in the factory, or perhaps Julie was not certain that Johnny was completely cured of that nasty cigar habit. No function was complete without this popular couple—just out of sight. Johnny was the boy who somehow failed to be on deck when the fishing expeditions set out, and Julie was the girl who suddenly remembered a letter she had to write to dear Aunt Martha when the matrons on the veranda produced a bridge table. Ah, love!

Then there would be dear little Henrietta Gush who is going to be a librarian, and wouldn't you *love* to get a few nice books and go out on the point. And Jim Mush, whose idea of the best way to dispose of an afternoon when the thermometer was at ninety, was an impromptu regatta or repairing the flag pole. And we haven't forgotten the Painter girls whose Parisian frocks were always such a hit on the fishing trips, or “Davey Jones” Silver whose idea of ideal sailing weather was a typhoon, or Doc. Peters, the how-about-a-small-one expert, or the Murphy kids, daylight-saving enthusiasts, who, it was rumoured, used to wake the rooster up.

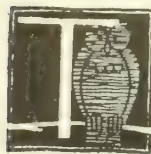
Awakening from this delightful day-dream, we looked about the office. The typewriters clicked with unobtrusive uniformity. In the advertising division, the low hum of business which characterizes all advertising departments had harmonies of assurance. The circulating division was circulating with the regularity of a planet in its ancient cycle. We dropped the engaging circular half read into the waste paper basket and told our thoughts to our fat friend.

“You are getting sour on life,” he said. “What you need is a vacation.”

# POTAGE CANADIEN

*Static*

—*And Severest Critic*



THE Illinois State Spiritualists' Association have come out with the startling announcement that they have in operation in Chicago broadcasting station PTHC. This is no ordinary station. It operates without the use of transmitters, tubes, loudspeakers or advertising. This new economical broadcasting method is called psychic radio, and the Progressive Thinking Healing Centre announces that their programmes on a universal wave length take place at 7 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. John Slater, missionary of the National Spiritualists' Association of America, is so elated over the success of this venture that he predicts that before long mediums will be able to dial Heaven upon their radios.

This story is not so ridiculous as one might at first believe, as every radio owner knows. Several radio enthusiasts to our knowledge are of the belief that the Lower Regions have been broadcasting for some time, and that they have been characteristically pirating wave lengths. A letter to Mr. Slater will probably bring confirmation of this theory.

IT is said that everyone who writes consciously or subconsciously has in mind the opinion of one definite reader, be it wife, sweetheart or friend. We have just discovered who ours is. We don't know what his name is, we have never seen him and, what is more, we don't want to. And furthermore, we hope that when he reads this he will feel very badly. He is the proofreader at the press. Never since school days—and we can just remember that far back—have we been in such terror of the little marginal annotations in red ink. The shrewd printers are wise when they hide



this most terrifying of critics. The shock to an editor of coming face to face with him would be too great to bear. As Balzac said to Queen Elizabeth, "It is a wise man who never meets his own proofreader." That isn't a real quotation and we don't want anybody to tell us so, so there!

## *Warning to George Young*

THE maxim that heroes die young should be amended to read that heroes should die immediately upon the achievement of that unhappy state. Never was this more graphically illustrated than in the case of Col. Charles A.

Lindbergh. No hero has been more discreet in his utterances. No man for whom millions waited for his opinion on everything from English royalty to ham sandwiches has been less anxious to impose his thoughts on others, and yet already it appears that he is not quite a nice person to know, for Col. Lindbergh has been guilty of "a dirty back alley trick." He has "affronted" the good citizens of Dayton, Ohio. Col. Lindbergh went to Dayton to visit Orville Wright and he drove through the back streets, he did, and the Mayor has said, "It is something that Dayton will not soon forget." The main streets are for heroes—preferably in a flag-draped coffin.

## *Clowns*

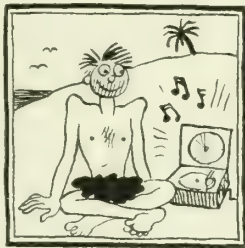
LUPINO LANE, the delightful English comedian, is a member of an ancient caste. For five hundred years his forebears have been comedians and clowns. All the subtleties of the art of being funny are his by inheritance, and there is something impressive about his ridiculousness. In Los Angeles, however, a dynasty of clowning is apparently being founded and the impression is unfortunate, in bad taste and almost criminal. We laughed at Aimée Semple MacPherson. From the assurance of her performance we laughed almost with her. But the thought that her daughter, Roberta Star Semple, at the age of sixteen is being trained in the antics of her accomplished mother is not a pretty idea.



*Recapitulation*

**S**UPPOSE you were shipwrecked on a desert island with nothing but plenty of food and one of the newer type phonographs, what six records would you choose to find in the cabinet? You don't have to answer until you have read our own private selection. As GOBLIN'S phonograph record review department is still in its infancy, it is only in the last few months that we have been able to become eclectic in this regard. All the records mentioned below are recent issues.

For blue evenings when the tropic night breeze fluttered the palm leaves we would console ourselves for loneliness with the soothing harmonies of the voices of the Serenaders whose record of "Dinah" and "Miss Hannah" is still the best male quartette disc we have heard. The Victor people are responsible for this pleasant interlude. Still feeling sentimental, we would probably turn to the Count of Luxemburg waltzes, a recent Brunswick issue, which has the atmosphere of moonlit balconies overlooking the Danube. In Paderewsky's "Impromptu in A Flat." I think the dusk would come drifting in through magical French doors perfumed with the breath of a shadowy garden, and the island would be peopled with the vague forms of listeners out of Daudet and Dumas (Victor). Just before we burst



into tears we would allow the unctuous Ted Lewis and his band to soothe us with "When My Baby Smiles on Me," than which there are few sweeter foxtrots (Columbia). The pleasures of executing a Black Bottom for the edification of apes and purple parrots are open to question but "Some Day, Sweetheart," played by the Brunswick Savannah Syncopaters, would make it a temptation, and there would be company, I think, in

Messrs. Moran and Mack in their two-sided sketch, "Two Black Crows" (Columbia).

From the first ship that touched the island we might supplement the list if we were allowed six more with the following titles: "Russian Lullaby" (Brunswick), "Der Gotterdammerung" (Victor), "A Sunny Disposition," sung by the Merry-makers (Brunswick), "Chanson de Florian" by the Utopia Salon Orchestra (Apex), Paul Whiteman's "Birth of the Blues" (Victor), and the A. & P. Gypsy Orchestra playing "Dark Eyes." We think these are the best Canadian releases of recent date.

*Peace, Perfect Peace*

**T**HE news that Mr. Henry Ford has ordered anti-Semitic articles out of his press is another step forward in the interests of peace on earth. Only the thought that

his not too graceful withdrawal precedes the arrival of his much-heralded sublimated Ford robs the announcement of the true flavour of altruism. It is, however, a pleasant thing to see how industry makes for amity.

All this is, incidentally, by way of being splendid publicity and we may soon expect to see on every highway and byway Henry Ford's little ambassadors of goodwill.



*Here Goes Nothing*

**T**HE celebrated Joanna Southcott box, which the prophetess prescribed should be opened only at a national crisis and in the presence of twenty-four bishops, has been pried open in the Church House of Westminster. Only one bishop was present, and the contents found somewhat disappointing, to wit: a pistol, a lace night cap, earrings, a dice box, a lottery ticket dated 1796, a bag of coins, a 1750 diary, a few books and manuscripts of no apparent importance and other odds and ends.

The celebrated beer keg of the Province of Ontario has been opened without the merited hocus-pocus, and the American tourists who, it was predicted, were to careen bottle-waving through our quiet ways have so far offended in no way, unless they be responsible for the current epidemic of linen knickers.



# GÖBLIN

## Him of Hate for Heroes

BY O. K. HARDY



**I** HEARD of a little boy the other day who hates Lindbergh. As long as he lives he will hate Lindbergh, and when you know his story you will not blame him.

The little boy has an aunt.

The aunt has a knowledge of Lindbergh's childhood habits which is intimate and horrible.

Lindbergh ate every bit of his porridge every morning and that is why he grew up to be a big strong man.

Lindbergh went to bed every night at seven o'clock without whining and that is why he didn't get tired in his aeroplane.

Lindbergh never, never was rude to his little sister or said naughty words or let the door slam and that is why King George invited him to the palace and gave him a shiny medal.

Lindbergh always, always washed his hands before supper and put his toys away and kept very quiet when father was talking and that is why they made him a colonel with a sword and a red hat.

Lindbergh liked to have his Auntie dress him up in his little sailor suit and that is why he wasn't afraid to fly away across the ocean.

And so on. For any emergency.

Auntie used to keep a large sheet of white paper pinned on the wall behind the bedroom door with a thick black pencil hanging from a string beside it,

and every time the little boy did any of the things he has now learned Lindbergh never did, Auntie would hold the pencil between his fingers and together they would make a solemn and terrible mark upon the paper.

There was never any way of erasing these black marks and at the end of the week, every Sunday morning, they would stand before the sheet and add the sum of sins. It was always a sum which held depressing implication of retribution to come but then Auntie would tear down the damning thing and place a fresh spotless sheet in its place and remark brightly that now was a brand new beginning of a brand new week, with one more chance to escape the awful con-

sequences of misdeeds.

This was effective for a considerable period but it was beginning to wear thin just at the time Lindbergh came out of the west. In fact it was the very Sunday of Lindbergh's glory in Paris that the total of black marks reached a new high peak of production with an alarming lack of concern on the part of the producer.

Lindbergh was a godsend to Auntie. He was better than the white paper, cheaper than five cents, easier than future movies, superior to anything yet. But auntie has overworked the poor fellow and now he is done. Auntie has murdered him, just as she finished off poor George Young last winter, and the little boy has

buried both of them in a secret graveyard of hated heroes.

It is easy to see what is going to happen to this little boy as he grows older.

By next Christmas, or by the one after, he will go agnostic on Santa Claus. I have a suspicion that he is preserving pretence of affection only through a combination of fear and cupidity. Auntie has long ago made Santa Claus a cold-blooded, unrelenting and mathematical Old Man who snoops around all during the year to see how little boys are behaving, and then doles out his favours on a system of exact accounting which makes Shylock a spend-thrift and a waster.

Santa Claus has a big book and he writes down every bad thing a little boy does on one side of the page



*"I'm sick o' scrubbin', 'Enrietta. I thinks I'll try bein' a gold-digger."*

*"Well, it's good, if you can get it to do."*

and every good thing he does on the other side. At Christmas time he adds them up and not an orange, not a tin trumpet, not a single thing goes out of his store that has not been hard earned by items on the credit side.

There is no orgy of good-will about a Santa Claus' Christmas for the little boy. It is a day of judgment and a time of reckoning. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and a toy off for every mistake: that is Santa's system. There is no ecstasy about the things he leaves because they are not presents at all. They are only good conduct marks.

It is only a step for a little boy from Santa Claus to Divine Providence and that will come in another year or so.

Already Aunty is making the Deity the same sort of person, only worse. The Deity is a sort of perpetual Santa Claus to little boys, but He pays special attention to the bad things they do and sooner or later, perhaps when they least expect it, He punishes them. Sometimes, according to Aunty, He waits till they die, like the bad man who lived across the road, but He always punishes them and therefore little boys must always be afraid and try to be very, very good so they will not get punished.

There should be some sort of society for dealing with Aunties. The S.P.C.A. does not quite fill the bill, nor do any of the existing religious organizations, because Aunty sticks close enough to the text to avoid outraging the fundamentalists. But she is doing a great deal of harm and she is, gentlemen, a subject for the most serious consideration.

When you see a hard-faced customer of middle age walking down the street with cold, cold eyes and a pinched mouth you may feel sure he had an Aunty.

He sneers at the king and jokes about the prince's horsemanship. He says the prime minister is a crook and the mayor a nincompoop. He thinks all women are



*The Bore: "If you believe anything hard enough, it comes true."*

*The Lady: "I believe you are a man who will travel far."*

gold-diggers, all horse races are fixed, all liquor is doped, all movies are fakes, all men are liars. He believes Elmer Gantry, H. L. Mencken or the editorials of the *Toronto Telegram*. In brief, he believes nothing good about anybody because, years ago, Aunt gave him a mental jaundice which has become chronic and incurable in a dyspeptic maturity.

That is why I feel sorry for this little boy who now hates Lind-

bergh. It is quite obvious that his unhappy effort on earth is doomed to an unremitting hereafter, and it is only poor comfort to reflect that Aunty will probably be there with him.

\* \* \*

**Frank**

"Philadelphia—(adv.)—Wanted: Housekeeper, woman of 35 or more, to take of small family, all modern imps. Call Bell 3080."  
—*Muskogee (Okla) Daily Phoenix*.

## At the Neighborhood Circulating Library

BY CARROLL CARROLL

"WELL, well, well! And how are you, stranger? It's good to see the invalid back. I hear you had a touch of lumbago." The librarian broke into a hearty laugh, albeit modified sufficiently to be nicely accommodated by the narrow confines of the cubicle that served as dispensary to the literary yearnings of the neighbourhood. "That's good! Quite unconscious, too. I must make a note of that. My husband sells them, you know. 'Invalid back—had lumbago.' My husband sells them, you know. Isn't it silly?"

Mrs. Smathers, now wearing the pained expression of one who doesn't quite understand, had come in to get "a real good book."

"Yes, yes, indeed! Oh, my yes! I had a touch of lumbago. And now I want something realsnappy."

"It's very painful, I understand?"

"Oh, my, yes. It gets you right here. And now I must have something—oh, you know what I mean. Something like I like."

"You poor thing! I suppose you could scarcely move?"

"Scarcely move! I almost jumped out of my skin. And now I want something to—er—a—sort of—a—pick-me-up, if you know what I mean. The pain was intense. I think you'd better give me one with sheiks in it."

"It's in the back, isn't it?"

"I don't know. You used to keep the real spicy ones there before my trouble set in."

"I mean the lumbago. Yes, we still do."

"Oh, yes! I see. Yes, it's right back here. I showed you. Will you get it for me?"

"Keeps you in bed, I suppose?"

"Yes! Something with a lot of—er—a—you know, sex."

"I don't see how you stand it. Really I don't. I'd go plumb crazy."

"Well, my husband says it kind of bothers everyone when she gets to be my age."

"I suppose so. I've a couple about the younger generation. You know, wild parties and all that. Do you think you'd enjoy them?"

"Goodness me, no! Not any more! I can't get around the way I used to, on account of my trouble, you know. But my husband says I used to be a pretty gay sport. I guess I'm just getting old, that's all."

"I mean would you like to read the books about them. I feel so sorry for you."

"I don't know if you quite know how I feel."

"Oh! yes. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Smathers! I can imagine. Maybe you'd rather have something in the way of an adventure?"

"It's pretty hard when you have to lie prone on your back all day."

"I suppose the doctor is helping you a lot?"

"Land alive, yes! And charging me for it, too. He calls every day.

But he's very good-looking. Maybe you'd better give me something with sheiks in it, anyway."

"Very well, I'll get it for you. Won't you sit down, Mrs. Smathers?"

"Thank you so much. I know I shall enjoy it."

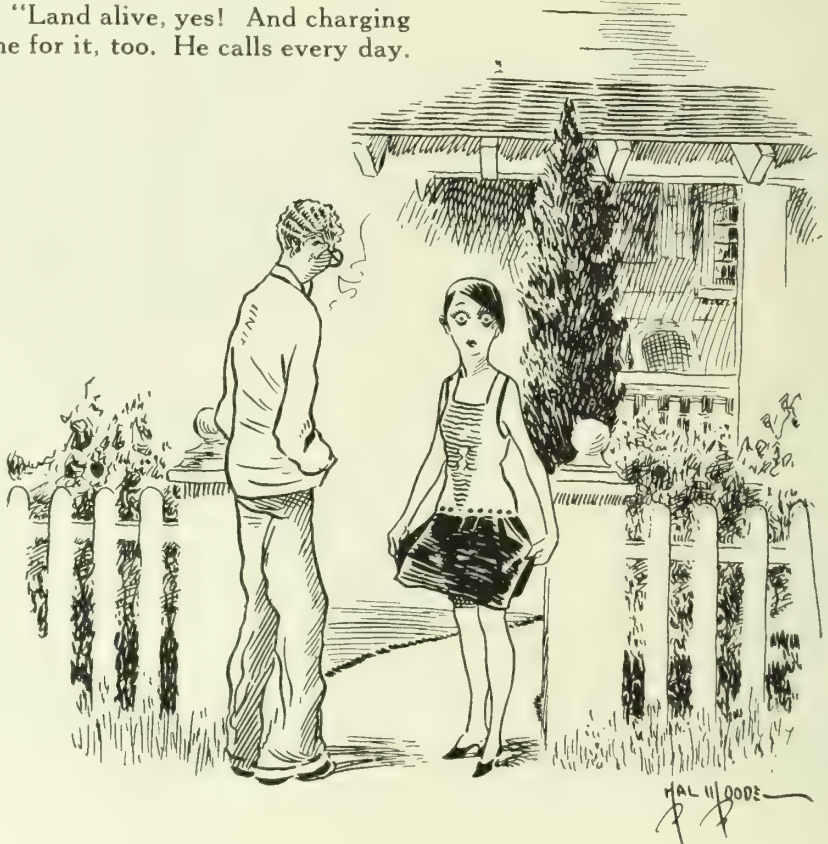
"Here it is. That'll be twenty-five cents."

"Isn't it wonderful to read books when they're so cheap?"

"Yes, indeed. Isn't it cheap? I do hope it doesn't hurt you any more."

"Oh, it won't hurt me any more. I'm old enough not to be hurt by this awful trash. That's what my husband calls it. But I always say, 'There's too much misery in real life without we have to read about in books.'"

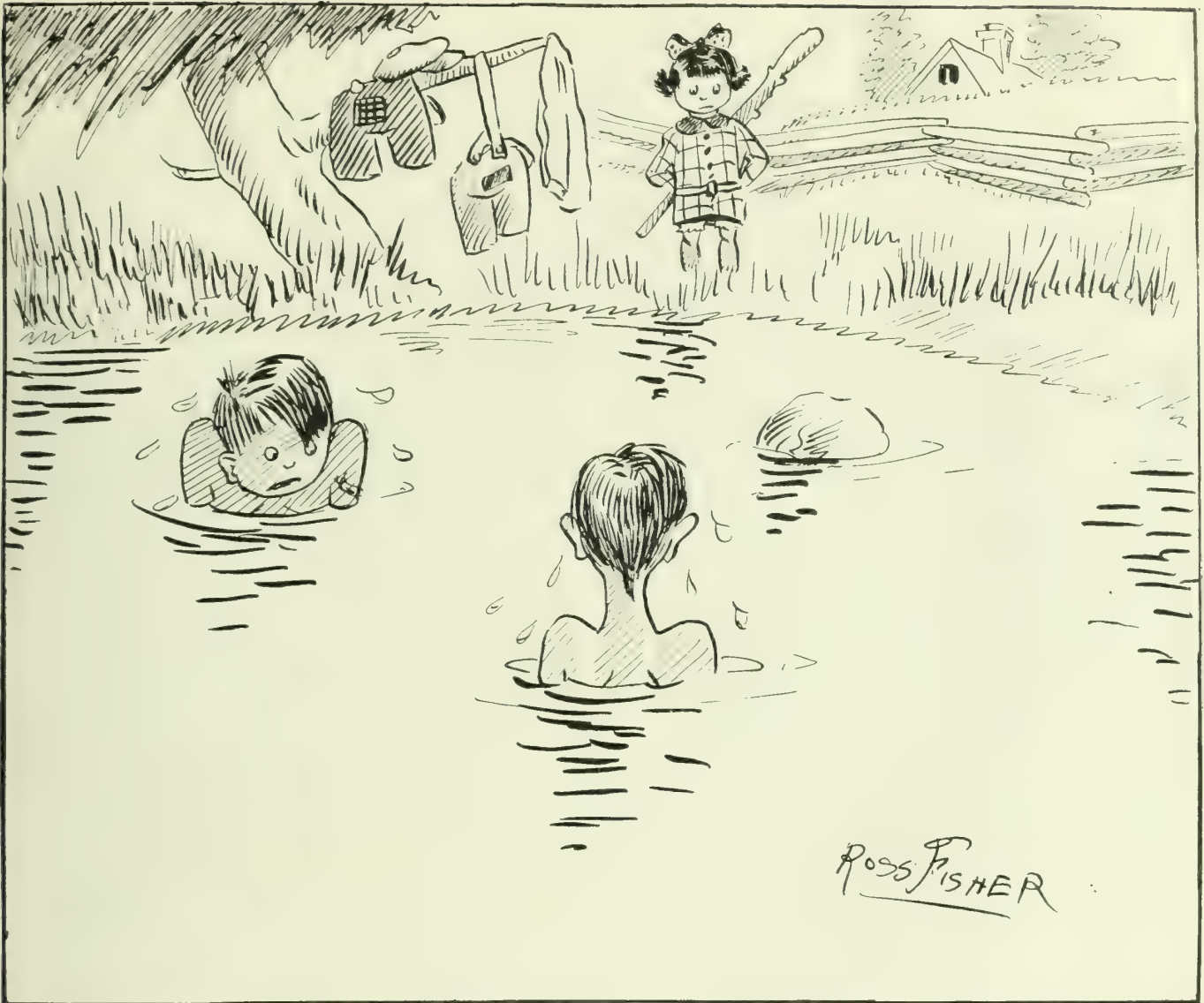
"Oh, indeed! You're quite right,



"How ja like my dress, it's a sample?"

Youth (sympathetically): "You don't get much for nothin' these days, do you?"





"I'M GOING TO WAIT UNTIL YOU COME OUT OF THERE, WILLIE JONES; THEN YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!"

Mrs. Smathers. And if it should put you back in bed, don't hesitate to 'phone me and I'll have my little boy bring anything you want over to you."

"Thank you so much! You know, when I'm laid up, I always say, 'Give me something real racey.' Something with a lot of—you know—sort of—well a—sex in it. Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Smathers. I do hope you'll be much better. But I'll be sure if I see you're back soon."

"There's really nothing to see. It's all in the joints you know. Good-bye."

"To be sure. Good-bye, Mrs. Smathers. And thank you. Just a minute, sir, till I make a note of something. 'Invalid back, lumbago.' You know my husband sells things like that."

\* \* \*

**They'll Learn**

Brand New Wife: "The floors in this house are quite bad. Have you anything to—"

Grocer: "Certainly. You wish a package of floor wax?"

Brand New Wife: "Oh yes. Just the thing. And the ceilings are bad too—I know you carry sealing wax."

**Yassuh!**

Sam: "You know, man, Ah done got stuck up there in the woods with a flat tire on each of mah wheels, mah gears stripped, besides two burnt-out bearings."

Rastus: "That sure was bad, but it coulda been worse."

Sam: "How could it ha' been worse?"

Rastus: "It coulda been me."

\* \* \*

**Insult**

Lon Chaney felt badly the other day. A lady told him he hadn't changed a bit since the last time she saw him.



*"This radio can't be a very good one, children. At Mrs. Brownlee's last night we heard 'The Last Rose of Summer' and I can't get it on this set at all!"*

### The Charge

**A**LTHOUGH the show was really good, nothing on the bill appeared to meet with the approval of the man in the centre aisle seat, ninth row of the orchestra. When everyone else loudly applauded the acrobatic act, he groaned bitterly. The soft-shoe dancing elicited from him nothing but a series of disgusted boos. He booted the one-act play in which a famous emotional actress held the house spell-bound. He booted the mélange of music and smart repartee that followed it. The audience stirred restlessly and looked at him in growing annoyance as he booted the aesthetic dancing, the patter of two black-face comedians, and a clever "nut" turn. Nothing pleased him; he booted everything.

The manager instructed two ushers to remove him. Then he 'phoned the police.

"What's he been doing?" asked the latter, when they arrived.

"Disturbing the show," replied the manager. "He's full of boos."

—R. K. HALL.

\* \* \*

### Cat Meat

"Did you try for a job with the circus?"

"Yes, but they said there was a vacancy among the big cats, so I told them to fill it at a butcher shop."

### The Hermit

*FAR into the tall hills I said I would go and hide me,  
In a green cot by a lake, and none beside me,  
Leaving the white hands and the hurt eyes behind me,  
Where only the wild things—and never love—could  
find me.*

*Alone I travelled I thought, to the blue hills before me,  
Where the silly phrases of love would never be  
heard to bore me.*

*But foolish I was, for two went forth in the autumn  
weather—*

*My heart, with the voice of you—as we walked we  
talked together.*

—STEPHEN MOON.

\* \* \*

### Lines Written from an Isolation Hospital

**D**EAR Editor, you wouldn't print my verses,  
You wouldn't even see me when I called.  
Outside your sacred door I sat and waited,  
I waited till my patient heart was galled.

But now I know that we shall be together,  
You'll call out here to see me soon, and very,  
My agents shall be subtle but persuasive:  
The measles germs upon this stationery.

—HAL FALLIS.

Ricardo



IMPROMPTU IN A FLAT

# THE YARNS OF "HELL'S BELLS" O'NEIL

By James Warner Bellah

"SO," says Hell's Bells, "just as if we didn't have enough trouble they go and send us a blinking Adjutant! Nobody seemed to know what we did with our last one and nobody cared much about it. But bright and early one morning along comes the replacement in shiny boots and beautiful brass buttons and all sorts of signs on his collar and hat to the effect that he's a soldier in some man's army.

"I met him first. I'm in the Skipper's office, that sort of a packing case tacked onto a hangar, and I'm sort of poking around looking for the snubbed butts we used to keep in a can on the window ledge. 'Look here, my man,' pipes this Adjutant bloke. 'Outside. This is for officers only. Knock if you wish to enter!'

"Well, of course, on that morning I had to go and forget to bring my lorgnette. I sort of stared at him with the naked eye. 'What am I?' I asks sort of mildly like.

"'Nothing that I've ever seen before,' he says. 'Hop it now, my man, and spruce up a bit on dress or I shall be forced to tick you off to the Sergeant-Major. Are those overalls that you are wearing or an issue blanket?'

"'I'll overall you, you haemoglobinized wart,' I offer. 'These are my best britches and I'm skipper of B Flight.'

"'Sorry,' he says, not the least flustered. 'I'm Adjutant. Example to the men, you know. Things need sprucing up about here, you know. This is my office as it

## That Thing They Call the Adjutant

were. I'll thank you to knock and salute when entering and to pass the word along. Good morning.' And like a ninny I find myself outside with a bunch of words on their way but only a closed door to listen to 'em.

"'About that time my litter of second lieutenants begin to howl around my ankles. They were a good bunch, those lads. Only way you could tell they were second lieutenants was because they were only about sixteen years old. They'd lost their Sam Brownes and white britches years before. Who is this guy?' they yelp. 'Is this a war or a fancy dress ball? Are we paid to fly or are we in some army?' One of 'em had been ticked off for going around the hangars in the same pajamas and flying boots he'd done his daylight patrol in. Another one had caught it for wearing bedroom slippers in

the mess. Another for having no seat to his pants.

"Well, I told 'em, I'd see the Major, and I did. The Major is tight, which is unusual, it not being ten a.m. yet. 'Al,' I says, 'who's this accident in the brass buttons?'

"'Wha'st you? If mazur can't haven adjutant wha'syooz bein' mazur? Besides can'tell when a Joogadoor Brenralliableshowup. Gethellout lemme sleep.'

"Well to make a long story short, the Major sleeps for three days and then gets tight again and by that time my cubs start cleaning their gats. The Adjutant was making them shave and dress like they were the crew of the King's Yacht expecting a state visit from the Twelve Disciples. Also he was drilling the mechanics and telling the mess sergeant to serve plates from the left side. Also, nobody could fly in pajamas or sleep in underclothes and whatnot. Right away I see the squadron is on the rocks and I was must wondering where to lock this Adjutant up so we could do some flying, when I'm five minutes too late.

"My cub pilots had talked it all over the day before and decided on murder. They talk the Adjutant out of his office, across the tarmac and down to one of the buses. While I watch him with my blind eye, they work him easily into the back seat and strap in his monocle. They shake hands with him, hand him his stick and gloves, blow him a kiss and 'Red' Mori-



"They woke up the medico, and got a stretcher ready, and there they are, standing on the tarmac in pajamas and bathrobes."

arity takes-off with him. Then they sort of turn away and go back to get comfortable again.

"Off and on for three hours I see 'Red' flying around. I say flying—that's a little off. First he does fourteen loops and a round dozen Immelmans. Then he flies half way across the 'drome on his back. Then he goes in for fancy spinning and dives with his engine full on. Then he spends a half hour on stalls and slips. Next he roars across the 'drome making three bounce-landings and off again. They said afterwards that he looped inside of C Flight hangar and flew through the Sergeants' Mess but I think they're a bunch of liars. Anyway the last I see of him, he's doing a falling-leaf from six thousand down.

"About noon his gas gives out and the mourners begin to gather with broad grins. They've woke up the medico and got a stretcher ready and there they are, standing on the tarmac in pajamas and bathrobes. Some of them have one on boot and one slipper. Others are wearing stocking caps, and once more the place looks like a flying-man's hang-out.

"Down comes 'Red' for a three-point landing, and in he taxis. The grins broaden. The bus stops. 'Red' hops out. Well you could of knocked me down with a feather. There sits the Adjutant smiling. 'What's the matter?' he yells. 'Let's have some more!'

"'Red' gasps. We all gasp.

"'Come on!' yells the Adjutant. 'More!'

"'Not by me,' says 'Red.' 'I'm done for the day.'

"'Aw, come on,' says the Adjutant, almost on the verge of tears. 'Somebody take me up.'

"To finish it," says Hell's Bells, "that bird soloed in four days and goes away to a training camp for his wings. A month later two guys drive up in a tender and stop at the mess. One of them is in nice shiny boots with brass buttons and a lot of signs on his cap and collar that say he's a soldier in some



"AMUSING CREATURES, PENELOPE, BUT WHAT USE ARE THEY?"

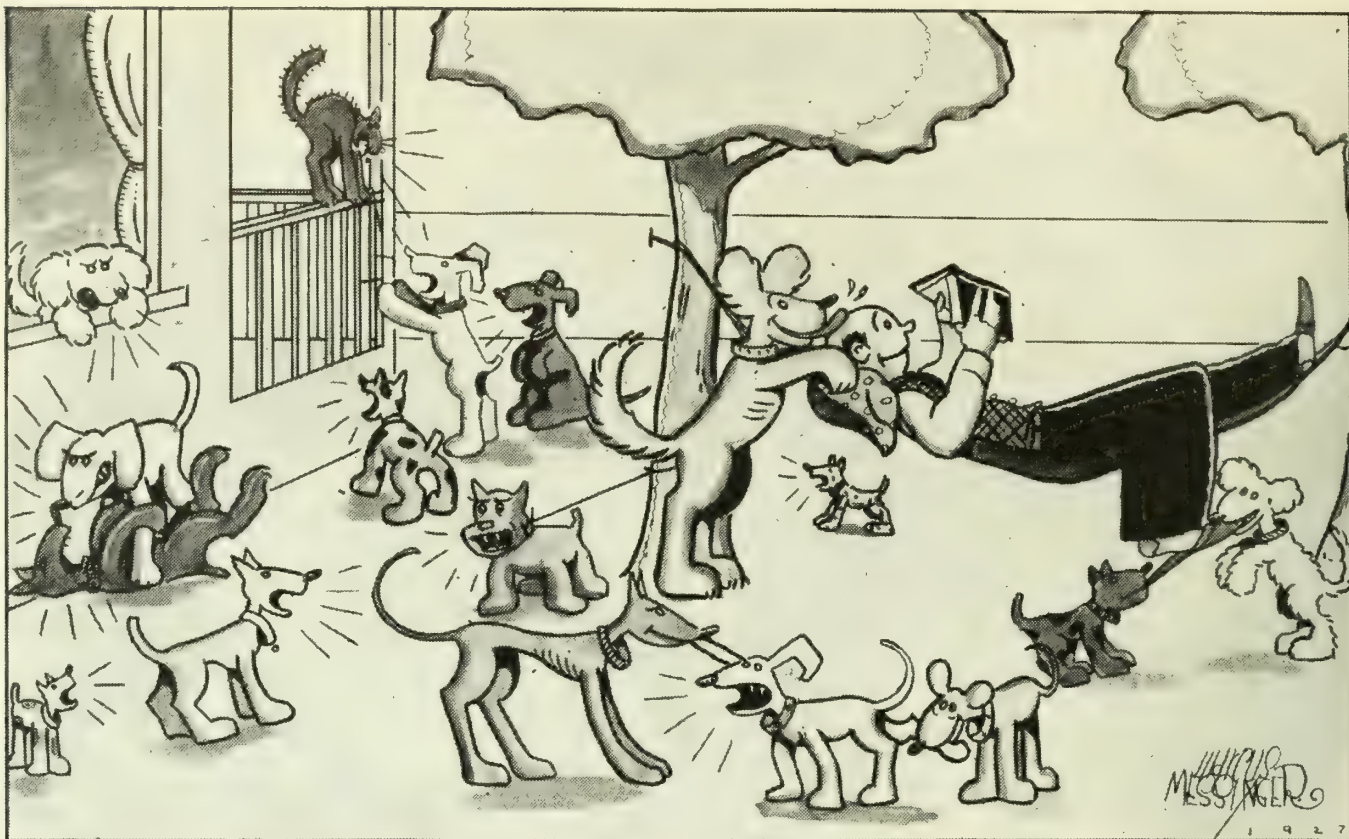
man's army. The other is dressed sort of comfortable and tramp-like. He has wings. He's our old Adjutant. I say to him, 'Who's this guy with you?' He says to me, 'Some Adjutant bloke, you know. They sent him along with me, you know. Just throw him in the wastepaper basket. How's "Red"?' "

### Horrible!

There had been a train wreck and one of two travelling authors felt himself slipping from this life.

"Good-bye, Tom," he groaned to his friend. "I'm done for."

"Don't say that, old man!" sputtered the friend. "For God's sake don't end your last sentence with a preposition!"



THE DOG FANCIER SPENDS A QUIET AFTERNOON

## A Summer Story

*Time: the Present*

I

**G**LORIOUS summer-time! The waters of Jasper's Creek were being churned to a froth by half a dozen vigorous young bodies. One-and-a-half flips from the old weather-stained spring-board! Flying Dutchmen! Races! Endurance tests under water! Cries of "Come on, Billy!" So de-e-ep! "Try and do this one!" "Look out for the water snake!" And from time to time a new figure would emerge from the underbrush in the background and come down to the edge of the old swimming hole. Clothes removed in a trice, and then a resounding "splash!" as another white form clove the bubbling surface of the creek.

But after an hour of this—it may have been more—time flies fast under those circumstances—the swimmers, tiring of their sport, waded ashore for a bask in the sun. Ah! how well I remember my own boyhood days and my ambition to acquire the darkest coat of tan in the gang! Stories and gossip went the rounds, the dear, delightful, trivial harmless gossip of youth. And perhaps more than a few cigarettes were consumed. And also, perhaps, there were a few references about the joys of playing hookey from school.

Suddenly upon this peaceful scene there burst the person of Miss Irene Williams, the English teacher of the Jasper's Corners and Oakville High School. After regarding the speechless, trembling group for the space of several age-long minutes she at last broke the silence.

"And so *that's* where you've all been, is it? Well, all I can say is that I've a good mind to—a good mind to—join you. The water looks quite inviting."

"But," objected Bobby, the first one to find her tongue, "how about—?"

"How about school?" broke in the teacher. "Don't worry about that; I left the boys busily immersed in their books." And the next minute the old swimming hole contained the person of Miss Irene Williams.

II

The late afternoon sun looked down upon the Jasper's Corners High School and saw in the English classroom a group of young boys, their heads buried in the play *Hamlet*, and dreaming, every last one of them, of the day when they would be proclaimed as heavyweight champions of the world.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Just Before the Battle

BY CHET JOHNSON

"LO, Bill. Coming down to lodge to-night and watch me ride the well-known goat?"

"Yeah. Guess so."

"Well, brother, do your worst. I'm ready for anything and I expect they'll half kill me."

"Naw. Not much to it, Joe. Nothin' to worry about."

"Hell, I ain't worryin'. I guess it's all ritual stuff."

"Well, they have a little fun, too, y'know."

"Oh, sure. Fella expects that. But no guy's going to mind a little harmless fun."

"Well, it ain't always so harmless, Joe. Sometimes the boys get pretty enthusiastic."

"Let 'em have a good time. I don't care. You know me, Bill; I'm a pretty good sport. But, of course, I'm not going to stand for any stuff that's too rough. I don't expect anything like that, y'understand. But I hope they don't pull anything to make me sore. Y'know how I am, Bill. I can stand a lot of kidding, but if anybody goes too far I go right off my nut and no telling what I'll do."

"You won't do much with that gang, bo."

"Say, you got me wrong, Bill! I ain't sayin' I'm going to do anything but take it all good-natured. But I signed up thinkin' this Lodge was a serious business, Bill, and damn' if I'm going down there to-night and have some of these guys I know figure they can get away with murder, y'understand? Not me! The minute any baby tries any funny business. . . Well, lodge or no lodge, I'm goin' a haul off an' . . ."

"Lemme give you a tip, kid: You better show up to-night feeling a little meeker. The minute they call you in, what you think about things don't rate very high, see?"

"Say, brother, you talk like I was preparin' to show fight or—"



Bertha: "And they are keeping their engagement a secret, aren't they?"  
 Mattie: "Well, that's what they are telling everybody."

"Well, I'm just tellin' you, that's all."

"Listen, Bill, an' I'll tell you something y'don't know. It ain't the rough stuff itself, savvy? But, this is just between you an' me, Bill: Other day when I took my physical exam, see? the doc listens to the ol' heart and looks kinda startled. 'Ain't she hittin' on all nine?' I says, an' Bill, you coulda knocked me over with a toothpick! He says: 'Joe, you gotta be careful, see? Nothin' exactly bad, but you gotta watch your step. No excitement, or over-exertion or . . .'"

"Aw, he was just handin' you a lotta hay."

"No, he wasn't, Bill. Last few years I been noticin' a kinda funny feelin' when I walk fast or an auto jumps at me. I wouldn't say anything, y'understand, except that I thought you might tip off the boys. I know th ey'd

feel tough if they got to havin' too good a time with me to-night. Maybe just in fun, Bill. But if I'd topple over right there in the lodge room, Bill . . . Well, I guess they'd feel pretty bad. And you know how a bum heart is, Bill Little too much excitement and—bam!"

"Haw-haw! Joe, you're a card!"

"Sure, I knew that's what you'd think. Well, go ahead, then! Give me the works to-night! It ain't myself I'm worryin' about! But I'd hate for the wife and kids. . . . Hell! What's the diff? Man's gotta die one way or the other. Laugh, y'damn fool! You think I'm worryin' about what you and a bunch of saps are goin' to do! Well, I'll be there, brother, but lemme tell you if any of you guys try to pull any rough stuff, I'll ! ! ! ! ! Hey, wait a minute, Bill. Listen, now, honest . . . d'yuh think you could sorta tip 'em off . . . ?"

## Warm Babies!

SHADRACH, Meshach, Abednego

Walked in the furnace to an' fro,  
Hay foot, straw foot, fro an' to,  
An' the flame an' the smoke  
flared up the flue.

Nebuchadnezzar, he listen some,  
An' he hear 'em talk, an' he say,  
"How come?"

An' he hear 'em walk, an' he say  
"How so?"

Them babes wuz hawg tied an hour  
ago!"

Then Shadrach call in an uppity  
way:

"A little more heat or we ain't  
guine stay!"

An' Meshach bawl, so dat furnace  
shake:

"Lanlawd, heat, fo' de good Lawd's  
sake!"

Abednego yell, wid a loud "ker-  
chool!"

"Is you out to freeze us, y' great  
big Jew?"

Nebuchadnezzar, he r'ar an' ramp,  
An' call to the janitor, "You big  
black scamp,

Shake dem clinkers and' spend dat  
coal!

I'll bake dem birds if I goes in de  
hole!"

He puts on de draf, an' he shuts de  
door

So de furnace glow an' de chimbly  
roar.

Ol' Nebuchadnezzar he smole a  
smile.

"Guess dat'll hold 'em," says he,  
"one while."



Thar She Blows!



"Well, how did you make out to-day?"

"Fine, I sold twenty thousand dollars' worth of securities in nine holes."

—New Yorker.

Then Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego

Walk on de hot coals to an' fro,  
Gulp dem cinders like chicken  
meat

An' holler out for a mite more heat.  
Ol' Nebuchadnezzar gives up the  
fight;

He opens dat door an' he bows  
perlite,

He shades his eyes from the glare  
infernal,

An' says to Abednego, "Step out,  
Colonel,"

An' he add, "Massa Shadrach, I  
hopes you all

Won't be huffy at me at all."

Then Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,

Hay foot, straw foot, three in a row,  
Stepped right smart from the oven  
door

Jes' as good as they wuz before,  
An' far as Nebuchadnezzar could  
find,

Jes' as good as they wuz behind.  
—From the writings of the late  
Keith Preston.

\* \* \*

## Not Here

Stranger: "Ah, Mrs. Mudge,  
one-half of the world is ignorant  
how the other half lives."

"Not in this village, Miss."

—Answers.



# A T H L E T E S !



© Vanity Fair.

## Do you sometimes put on pants?

Do you sometimes go out into civilized society? Are you included—even by mistake—at luncheons, dinners, teas? Then, what do you know about the other fellow's game? You can't discuss the discus throw with dowagers. You can't sock debutantes in the jaw. Intelligent men and women talk of art, the theatre, dancing, the latest world idea... and not even an arrowy dive into the green turtle soup can save you from the consequences of not knowing what it's all about. Bores aren't asked a second time!

*Don't be muscle-bound above the ears!*

The world can't bother with people who never let more than one idea dawn above their horizon—one sport, one art, one line of repartee.

It won't recognize you unless you can hold up your end when the talk veers to the charming, sophisticated interests of modern life.

And yet the secret of social success is so easy—so simple—so inexpensive. All you need to do is tear off that coupon and spend two dollars for the one magazine that will keep you in touch with every new movement of modern life.

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Enclosed find \$2 for ten issues of Vanity Fair. Just watch me crash the velvet ropes in nothing flat.

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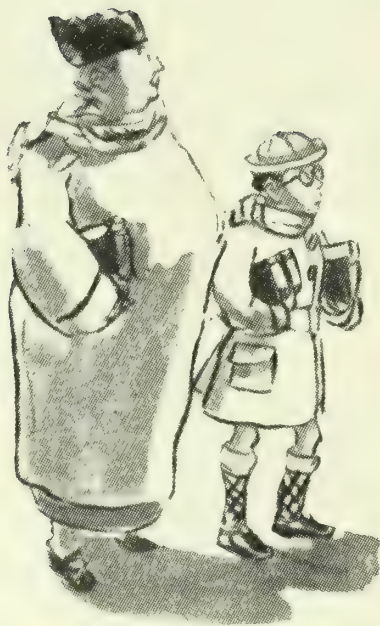
## Some Close-ups of the Fine Art of Bookloving



*Portrait of a lady discovering James Branch Cabell.*



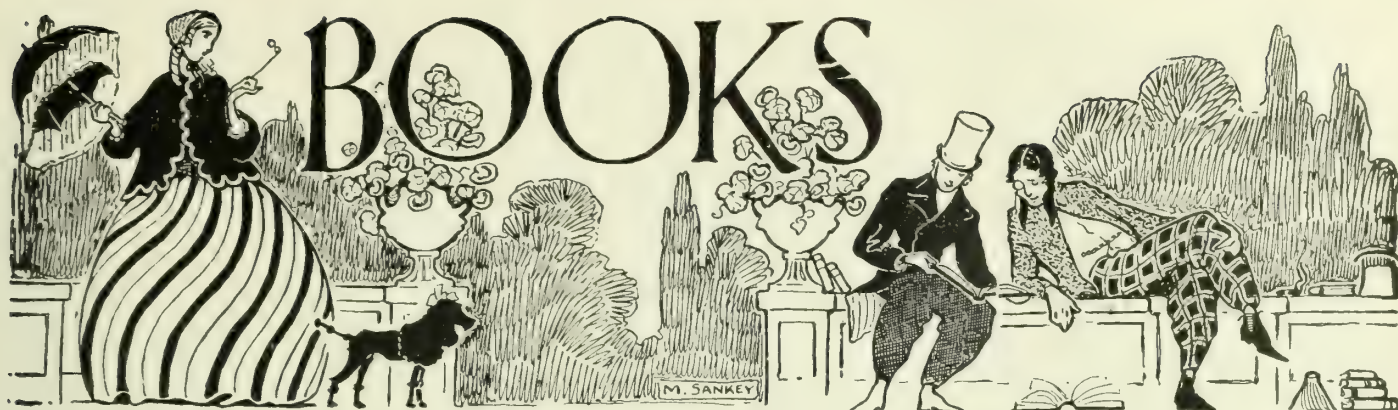
*A genus of the species bookbore, who owns a Eooke Shoppe and prescribes something Russian while you are looking in vain for the April "Red Eook."*



*Arthur, the child book worm, has selected some Dickens and Thackeray for his week-end in the country.*



*Undoubtedly, an authority and a fiend, but never a buyer.*



ALL BOOKS REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES MAY BE OBTAINED THROUGH GOBLIN

**PROFESSORS LIKE VODKA.**  
By Harold Loeb. Publishers,  
McLean & Smithers, Toronto.  
Price \$2.00.

**R**EALLY the professors liked particularly two beautiful Russian émigrées in Paris. Here is an amusingly written episode in the life of two professors from a small American college whose previous holidays had not been tainted with a greater Bohemianism than is afforded vacationists at Lake George. The two chums, Mercado and Halsey, had decided on a bicycling trip in France as a pleasant and educational course in their development. The course which was to have been an objective study of French villages and Gothic architecture turned into a subjective research into the structure of the human heart under powerful stimulus. The professors who could have found their way blindfolded across the conventional campus at home became delightfully lost and befuddled with their eyes open among the cafés of Montparnasse.

It was the fault of a former student and present inebriate, run into by chance in a café, that launched the professors on their exotic adventures with the mysterious Countess Vera and the passionate Cléopâtre. And if you don't believe that falling in love with a wild and beautiful Russian is stimulating read "The

Professors Like Vodka" and you'll learn different. No foolin'.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that Mercado discovers in his inamorata the joyful murderess of many of his race. The dénouement is pathetic and convincing and the professors go home—alone.

Harold Loeb has, in his straightforward style, extracted the full complement of the factors of comedy and pathos which go to make the novel of genuine humour. "The Professors Like Vodka" is excellent summer reading.

**THE EARLY WORM.** By Robert Benchley, with illustrations by Gluyas Williams. Henry Holt, Limited, Publishers. \$2.00.

**T**HIS collection of frivolous nonsense by one of the most refreshing of American humorists consists for the most part of reprints from a number of popular magazines. Their infinite variety ranges from "A Talk to Young Men," through "A Plan to Stabilize the Franc" to suggestions on "How to Start a Supper Club," and includes a series of articles on "Fascinating Crimes" and the de-

spatches of "The 'Life' Polar Expedition." Benchley, dramatic critic of "Life" for many years, and sometime revue actor, is best in his burlesques of present-day foibles. Several of the sketches included will cause readers in shady hammocks to chuckle to themselves and occasionally to laugh out loud. Like bonbons, however, they should be taken only a few at a time, preferably after dinner.

**THE MATING CALL.** By Rex Beach. The Musson Book Company, Toronto, Publishers. Price \$2.00.

**"T**HE Mating Call," Rex Beach's latest novel, makes good summer reading. Light, interesting and with lots of plot, it keeps the reader pleasantly concerned. Leslie Hatten, a victim of shell shock, comes back from active service to find that his marriage has been annulled and his wife married again. He returns to his farm in Florida and conceives the idea of revenging himself on Woman by marrying a peasant immigrant and putting her to work on the land. He goes down to Ellis Island and picks out a strong-looking Russian peasant, who, with her mother and father, is being held for deportation through trouble concerning passports. He gets the party through the barriers by marrying the girl, Catharine, but shows her no respect and puts her to work with the negroes in the fields. Eventually, the Russian girl, who really



## GÖBLIN

isn't a peasant at all, runs away, and the story moves swiftly to its ordained happy ending. As a romantic novel, this is decidedly readable.

*THE HOLY LOVER.* By Marie Conway Oemler. McLean & Smithers, Toronto. Price \$2.00.

**I**N 1735 John Wesley came to Georgia as missionary to the new English colony there and remained for three years. "The Holy Lover" deals with the trials and temptations he suffered during his stay. In this historical novel we find Wesley to be a very human man whose chief virtue was his sincerity and determination to show to all men the Light, and whose chief vice was his lack of a sense of humour. This lack made for him many enemies, and caused trials that otherwise would not have arisen. The love affair of John Wesley is quite interesting until you discover half-way through the book that it hasn't progressed in any direction and apparently isn't going to, when the reading becomes tedious. Mrs. Oemler has given us a rather unusual portrait of Wesley in this serious novel, but we miss the light touch of her previous books.

*AN OUTLINE OF CAREERS.*  
*A Practical Guide to Achievement.*  
Edited by Edward L. Benrays.  
Doran, Toronto. \$5.00.

Ed's gone to a lot of trouble over this book, or has he! Anyway, he has collected, shall we call it a symposium—perhaps not—of well-known names? They contribute their ideas of what constitutes the requirements of JOBS. (God bless them!)

The contributors are men of recognized standing in their various fields of activity and they voice their opinions as to what different professions offer.

They speak of thirty-eight different professions, and if you can think of one apart from the "Wish Bone" lunch idea on West 57th (no ad.), which isn't included,

then you are probably thinking of entering some new profession.

This family journal recommends this book for all those who are thinking of a career and who haven't made up their minds.

\* \* \*

Aloha Oe

**I** SUPPOSE you thought  
I'd miss you a lot,  
When you said "good-bye."  
Well, I HAVEN'T—so there!

I SUPPOSE you thought,  
That the tears you brought  
Weren't crocodile tears.  
Well, they WERE, so there!

I SUPPOSE you thought  
My poor heart was not  
Broken—it was, but  
YOU didn't break it, so there!

I SUPPOSE you thought  
My future was nought.  
I HAD someone else,  
So you're MISTAKEN there!

I SUPPOSE you think,  
I'm not tickled pink,  
To be rid of you.  
Well, I AM, so there!

PERHAPS you thought  
YOU were saying "Good-bye."  
Don't be FOOLISH; I was.  
You WEREN'T, so there!

\* \* \*

A very self-satisfied man arrived  
at the gates of Heaven and asked  
for admission.

"Where are you from?"

"Hahvahd."

"Well, you can come in, but you  
won't like it." —Rice Owl



"YOU'RE FULLA HOPS."

"SO'S YOUR OLD ATLANTIC OCEAN!"

## DISC RELEASES



Of course it may be the heat, or the slack season; maybe it's both. At any rate there are no really outstanding dance recordings this month. At least they don't appear so to these discerning ears. One of the bright spots is "Just Like a Butterfly," as played by the Ipana Troubadours (Columbia), made particularly soft and soothing by the unctuous cadences of the voice of a young lady who does not seem to be the least dismayed by the fact that her name is Vaughn de Leath. This "hot" singer comes as near being a tenor as the law against masculine impersonation allows. But it's good. So's the other side, which is Fred Rich and his Hotel Astor Orchestra, playing "Just the Same," helped out by the pleasing pipes of Frank Harris.

Not content with knocking 'em dead on the above-mentioned Columbia record, the little lady with the beard doubles in the Brunswick studios. Here she renders "I'm in Love Again," with an orchestra heard faintly in the distance, and "Just Wondering." Here she evidently feels the necessity of emphasizing her sex and is just too girlish for words. A soft needle, however, makes these numbers very good. George Olsen and his music, ever popular with the college boys spending their week-ends in New York, has a splendid fox trot version of "At Sundown" (Victor). And we liked it just a little better than "Here or There, as Long as I'm with You," played next door by Waring's Penn-

sylvanians.

The laurels next go to Apex. They have two discs which contain first-rate fox-trot numbers. While the titles are not new; there are some novelty orchestrations which go a long way toward making peace in the family. They are "Get Away, Old Man, Get Away," revived by the Imperial Dance Orchestra with Irving Kaufman doing a typical Frank Crummit vocal, "Take Your Finger out of Your Mouth," by Fred Rich and his boy friends. The other disc contains "Hallelujah" and "Sometimes I'm Happy"; the latter, played by the Six Hottentots, is more hotsy-totsy. The former, played by Willard Robison and orchestra, contrive to make just another fox-trot out of one of the best pieces of the season.

THE fact that someone has recently offered an award for the first non-stop flight around Paul Whiteman must have hurt the leader's feelings badly. He is certainly all broken up in his two numbers this month, "Love and Kisses" and "Magnolia." They are so full of orchestration, trick vocalizing and echoes that as dance records they are about one step lower than Chinese chamber music. This is most depressing,

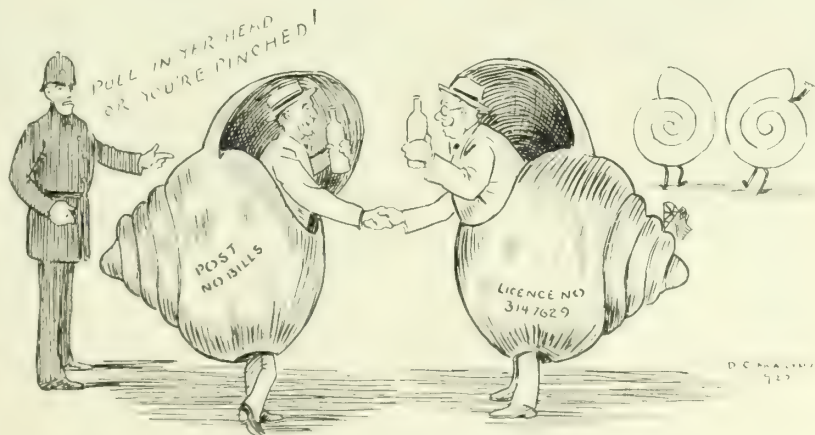
for we still regard Whiteman as the peer of dance orchestra conductors.

A fox-trot which, judging by the vaudeville theatres, is probably destined to reach the grind organ before it passes into oblivion (and that's some test) is "Me and My Shadow." The Columbians (Columbia) do it justice and then some. On the reverse of this excellent number the Clicquot Club Esquimaux render "Honolulu Moon," helped out in the vocal chorus by the ubiquitous Vaughn de Leath. Johnny Marvin also sings "Me and My Shadow" for Columbia—very sweet—but we were a little disappointed at Charles Kaley's "My Sunday Girl," on the reverse. Charles Kaley is in our estimation, the best incidental vocalist on the discs and we have long been looking forward to hearing a record which he should have all to himself. Though disappointed at this one, we still believe he has the makings of a first-class individual singer. The Victor record of "Me and My Shadow," played by Nat Shilkret, is also above par. And Johnny Marvin, above referred to, sings the chorus. On the back is "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," by Jean Goldkette and his orchestra, also good.

"Where the Wild, Wild Flowers Grow" and "You Don't Like it—Not Much," played by Jules Herbuveaux' Palmer House Victorians, are both good. We do like them—very much. (Brunswick).

In the vocals, Apex goes through four yards twice and is penalized once, the penalty being "Lucky

(Con'd on page 32)



## Handy Inventions

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## The Ideal Girl

"Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?"

"No."

"Good; then we'll take the trolley."

—*Beanpot.*

\* \* \*

"How was the Prohibition lecture?"

"Great, except that the lecturer absent-mindedly tried to blow the foam from his glass of water."

—*Ollapod.*

\* \* \*

## Impertinent

Barber: "Wet or dry?"

Customer: "Cut my hair. Never mind my politics."

—*Orange Owl.*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

Hi: "The paper says there's not much difference in the width of trousers this fall."

Jack: "Yeah, I know—mine are both the same width."

—*Vagabond.*

\* \* \*

"Are you a college man?"

"No. My hat blew off, a truck ran over it, and it rolled into the sewer."

—*Iowa Fivool.*

\* \* \*

## Ladies First

Tilly: "Don't you dare swear before me."

Billy: "Pardon me, go ahead."

—*Webfoot.*

\* \* \*

## Thoughtful

First Mate: "Drop that rope and come here."

Sailor: "The captain might object, sir."

First Mate: "Why the captain?"

Sailor: "He's in the water at the other end."

—*Record.*

\* \* \*

Here's the latest one on our friend, the professor. He kissed the door and slammed his wife.

—*Columbia Jester.*

\* \* \*

"What is alimony?"

"Taxation without representation."

—*Branpot.*

\* \* \*

## Coincidence

Josephine: "My mother was born in Paris, my father was born in Los Angeles, and I was born in New York."

Joseph: "Funny how you all got together, wasn't it?"

—*Blue Baboon.*

\* \* \*

## A Personal Touch

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies? And, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"

—*Punch Bowl.*

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**Peterboro, Ontario**



## “RED LIPS”

What red lips will do! Above, you will see the artist's idea of what red lips can accomplish, but—when you hear what the Clevelanders think of “Red Lips” on the new Brunswick record by that name—well we leave that to your anticipation.

### “RED LIPS” “Magnolia”

Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses—  
The Clevelanders 3563

### “YOU DON'T LIKE IT—NOT MUCH” “Where the Wild, Wild Flowers Grow”

Fox Trots. Vocal Chorus. Jules  
Herbuveaux' Palmer House Vic-  
torians. 3557

### “SILVER MOON”

#### “Your Land and My Land”

Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses.  
From “My Maryland”—Carl Fen-  
ton's orchestra. 3537

### “JUST LIKE A BUTTERFLY” “Baby Mine”

Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses—  
Vincent Lopez and his Casa Lopez  
orchestra. 3573

### “ROSY CHEEKS”

#### “Underneath the Stars with You”

Nick Lucas “The Crooning Trou-  
badour” with Guitar and Piano. 3528

### “THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER” “You Never Get Nowhere Holding Hands”

Fox Trots with Vocal Effects—  
The Six Jumping Jacks. 3524

Every Brunswick Dealer Sells  
the latest Brunswick Records

# Brunswick

PANATROPES - ELECTRICAL LIGHT RAY RECORDS

## Records

Lindy” and “Lindbergh, Eagle of the U.S.A.,” sung for no good reason by Ernest Hare. The others are “Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong,” by Honey Duke and His Uke, not so bad. Charles Harrison, whom we remember from years ago as the man who made us weep over “I'm Always Chasing Rainbows,” is just about adequate in “Russian Lullaby,” and “Tired Hands” (Apex). Columbia tries an interesting experiment with the aid of Mr. Sol Hoopii's Novelty Trio. This gentleman with the bibulous name and his confrères twang mean Hawaiian guitars and the experiment comes in the adaptation of these instruments to low-down blues. These two numbers are “Tin Roof Blues,” “Hula Blues.” While neither Hawaiian music nor strictly “blue” music, the effect is novel and not at all unpleasant. The Apex record by Adrian Schubert's Salon Orchestra of “Russian Lullaby” and “Silver Moon” are just a couple more waltzes.

**L**EAVING the classical to the end, we find two records which are perfect masterpieces. The first, Paderewski's “Etude in E Major” and “Impromptu in A Flat” (reviewed editorially this month), is exquisite (Victor). Liszt's “Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2,” played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, has depth and majesty (Victor). It will never cease to be a source of wonder to us that big corporations through mechanical means should produce fantasies of such ineffable beauty. Mario Chamlee sings “Then You'll Remember Me,” from the “Bohemian Girl,” and “On Yonder Rock Reclining,” from “Fra Diavolo” (Brunswick). His voice is a stirring, virile tenor and the somewhat foreign treatment of the English words is the only factor open to criticism.

Four marches makes a twelve-inch Brunswick record by Walter B. Rogers and His Band. The Victor Salon Orchestra have a nice after-dinner record of “Russian Lullaby” and “Just Like a Butterfly.” Renée Chemet, in a violin solo (Victor), renders the ever fresh Mendelssohn's “Spring Song” and “Sérénité.” Both are worthy of note.

# S O M E T I M E S I ' M H A P P Y

## My Disposish Depends on You

**Sometimes I'm Happy** 26050  
*The Six Hottentots*

**Hallelujah!**  
*Willard Robison and his Orchestra*

**Lucky Lindy** 8617  
**Lindbergh**  
*Sung by Ernest Hare*

**Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't  
Be Wrong** 8612  
*Henry Duke and his Uke*

**The More We Are Together**  
*The Happiness Boys*

**Russian Lullaby (Berlin)** 8618  
**Tired Hands**  
*Sung by Charles Harrison*

**Silver Moon** 8616  
**Russian Lullaby**  
*Schubert's Salon Orchestra*

**Take Your Finger out of Your  
Mouth**  
*Fred Rich and his Gang*  
**Get Away, Old Man, Get Away**  
*Imperial Dance Orchestra*

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## Free Speech

FOR THE BEST LETTER PUBLISHED EACH MONTH STARTING WITH THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE, GOBLIN WILL PAY \$5.00

**Punk!**

46 Hillside Street,  
Belleville, Ont.  
July 7, 1927.

The Editor,  
GOBLINS Magazine,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

After reading the commendatory letters published in your magazine of the June issue, I feel constrained to write you one of the other kind. It is beyond my comprehension entirely how anyone could conscientiously recommend your magazine to be what it pretends to be. Like the lady who wrote asking for her money back, I would be very glad to do the same if I could. It was through your contest that I *did* subscribe, having never read the magazine before, but I can assure you now that there will be no chance of my renewing my subscription unless there is a great improvement in the character of the magazine before that times arrives.

I had expected it to be after the style of "Punch" or "Life" or both, and I expect you think it is, but I am not exaggerating when I say that I can read your alleged funny articles and jokes from cover to cover without smiling, let alone laughing. If, as you say, the staff consists of U. of T. graduates, then I say you had better start right now to import someone who can really write wit and humour. There isn't a single member of your staff who can write anything to approach even the poorest efforts of "Punch."

This criticism is from one who is just as anxious as you are to see a really good humorous magazine that is entirely Canadian, and it is with that desire in mind that I write.

Hoping that these few words may help you to see yourselves as others see you, I remain,

yours truly,

H. J. PARKER.

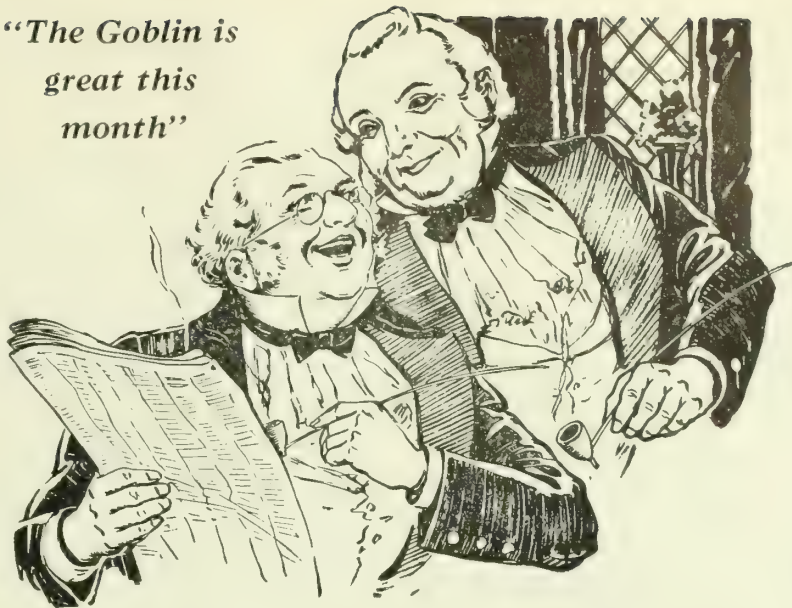
I heartily endorse this letter. It is absolutely punk.

MRS. H. J. P.



A HELPFUL INVENTION FOR SHORT-SIGHTED PLAYERS. Kasper, Stockholm.

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great this  
month"



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# OLD CHUM

"The TOBACCO of QUALITY"



Mr. Arthur Patrick Pratt, of Mission City, B.C., winner of the second prize in Goblin contest.

### Too Much of a Good Thing

141 Agnes Street,  
Oshawa, Ont.,

Dear Sir:  
July 11th, 1927.  
... During the past three months I have received two copies of the GOBLIN each month. They are both the same, otherwise I would not complain, and as

there is only my wife and I to enjoy it one copy is sufficient for our needs. She reads it during the day as so to leave it free for me at night. It is a splendid magazine and affords us great amusement and pleasure. We look forward to it each month and enjoy it from cover to cover. But I do not want my subscription to run out in the course of eighteen months as it will do at the rate of two copies a month. I want it to run the whole three years, when I shall certainly renew it if it keeps up to the present standard. I may also add that though getting nowhere in the prize list I was far from disappointed for I consider the GOBLIN a prize in itself. Will you please correct the mistake and send me just the one copy monthly.

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM H. POTTER.

**Esoteric**

To the Editor.

Dear Sir:

I certainly was disgusted with you when I read your article in the July GOBLIN about signatures, Simpler and More Intelligible. Could anything be more ridiculous? You are probably one of those people who read the last chapter of a book first. Don't you realize how little romance and mystery there is about modern business anyway, without attacking one of the last vestiges? Haven't you ever thrilled upon receiving a letter of praise when from the signature it might be from almost anybody? Maybe your wife wrote it—who can tell?

Yours for more cryptic signatures,

H. V. PNOLRTNK

(apparently).

(Continued on page 40)



# WRIGLEYS

SPEARMINT has a tang and zest to brighten your whole day!

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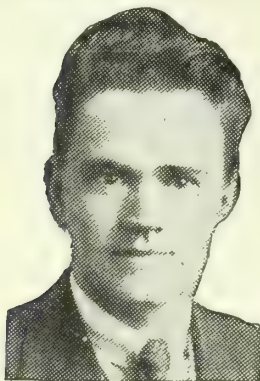
**Futile**

Drug Clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?"

Customer: "No. I tried for three hours but couldn't hit one."  
—Belle Hop.

## What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head. I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

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This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth. KOTALKO is sold by busy druggists everywhere.

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Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO

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**The Information Booth**

LEAVE New York 8.30, arrive Albany 11.32. . . . Yes, that's Standard time. . . . No, upper level. . . . You'll have to go to the Pullman window. . . . No, ma'am, I haven't seen a man with a cane and a black grip. . . . Runs Sundays only. Children under five years of age free, when accompanied by parent or guardian; five years of age and under twelve, one-half fare; twelve years of age or over, full fare. . . . I can't help it, madam. . . . Why, yes, he can leave Sioux City at 12.04 p.m. and arrive in Chicago in time to meet you on the 3.20. Take the 5.30 to-night. . . . Yes, that's Standard time. . . . No, ma'am, that's one hour earlier than Daylight. . . . No, sir, I can't tell you about fight tickets. . . . Next is at 9.15. . . . No, Standard time. . . . I can't help it, lady, I didn't change it. . . . Well, Mr. Foster made a mistake. . . . Get off at Beacon and ferry across. . . . I don't know, sir, I haven't the ferry schedules—Standard, I suppose. . . . Reno? There, I've marked it for you. . . . All right, I'll mark one for your husband. . . .

"Does not carry baggage. . . . Can't help it, sir, I'm not running the trains. . . . I don't know, lady, the offices are in the other part of the Terminal. . . . But I don't know what floor they're on—the elevator starter will tell you. . . . 7.05, sir. . . . Yes, that's Standard. . . . Just a minute, I can't remember Paducah. . . . Don't know the hotels, no, sir. . . . I suppose so. . . . No, lower level . . . 7.03, 7.14, 7.32, 7.50, 8.02, 8.11, 8.16, 8.21. Rather poor service? . . . Yes, rotten!

"The Biltmore is right through there, Miss. . . . No, the Commodore is over there. . . . Well, he made a mistake. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . That's Standard time. . . . Pullman office, madam. . . . Chicago is in Illinois, lady. . . . No, Omaha's in Nebraska. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . Standard. . . . No, sir, there's a Customs Inspector at Rouse's Point. . . . All right, take a chance. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . Sorry, lady. . . . No, ma'am, no gentleman with a beard has asked for you. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . Up-

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"You will not do for a nurse. You are too short!"

"That is an advantage! If I let the baby fall it wouldn't have so far to drop!"—Buen Humor, Madrid.

per level. . . . Yes, sir, six o'clock, track 16. . . . Six o'clock, track 16. . . . Hy-y-y! Ed. Let's go. It's six o'clock." —New Yorker.



### The Old French Court

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---

**GOBLIN, 170 Bay Street, Toronto.**

**Here is my suggestion for the telegram Harry Brown sent:**

---

**And here is my three bucks. Send GOBLIN for one year to:**

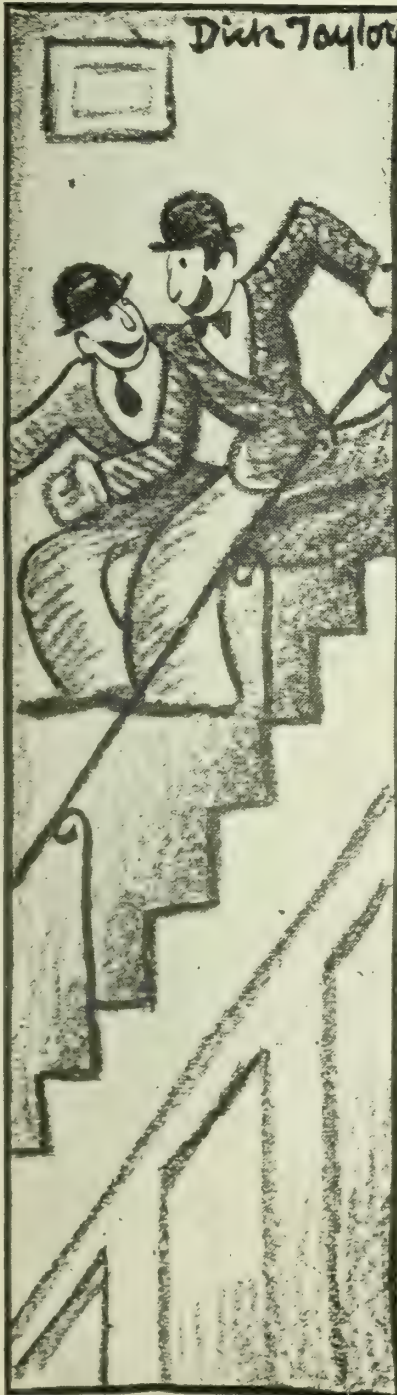
**Name**.....

**Street**..... **City and Province**.....

# GOBLIN'S MOVING PICTURE CAMERA

## ded to August 20th

*Here Is the Contest*



## He's Got It!

HARRY BROWN! (there he comes down the stairs with George Swoon.) He has just received a morning letter from his wife and is now rushing off to send her a telegraphic reply.

MRS. BROWN left for the summer cottage three weeks ago, to be gone three months. Now she writes she will be home "to-night" with Aunt Ada and the children.

HARRY hasn't washed a dish, made a bed, brought in a milk bottle or put out a cat for some time. He is in what you might call a dilemma.

KATIE (Mrs. Brown) will be *persona non grata* to-night because George has a party where aces and other things are wild, arranged.

BUT is HARRY outwitted?

You're crazy if you think so! Not a bit!

HE FRAMES a SNAPPY, CONVINCING TEN-WORD TELEGRAM that keep Mrs. B. right where she is at the lake. The boy's clever. But WHAT DID HE WIRE?

### HERE IT IS!!!

Try to imagine what Harry put in his telegram. Send in your idea of what it should have been. For the cleverest idea in the way of ten-word telegram (from Harry's standpoint) we will donate the Movie Camera pictured on opposite page.

Three members of the GOBLIN Staff will sit in judgment on the replies received. And, oh, yes!

See the little wee coupon. Sign that and return it to us with \$3.00 for a renewal of your own subscription; or perhaps you might care to have a friend receive the same enjoyment GOBLIN brings you.

It works both ways. You can send in a friend's subscription for 1 year and renew your own all for only \$5.00.

**All Answers Must Be Accompanied by Remittance**



### Love in a Garden

THE caterpillar brushed his  
teeth

And parted well his auburn hair,  
For this was Friday night—the  
night

He always met his lady fair.  
(Ah, happy pair!)

He paused beside the parsley bed,  
He cupped his jaws and mur-  
mured "Hist!"

(That sort of thing's conventional  
For lovers when they keep a  
tryst.

It's sometimes "Whist!")

And sure enough, in fragrant shade  
He found his modest lady bug.  
She trembled at her swain's ap-  
proach

And yielded shyly to his hug.  
(Those bristles dug!)

For weeks their courtship had pro-  
gressed

And he to her was all in all,  
She worshiped every stripe that  
marked

The undulations of his crawl.  
(How ladies fall!)

And yet of late she'd seen a change;  
She learned he visited the pub,  
And more and more he was inclined

To spend his week-ends at the  
club.

(The wayward grub!)

And now to-night her fears came  
true,

He told her what was on his  
mind.

He said he'd be quite frank with  
her

Although his words might seem  
unkind.

(Ah, ties that bind!)

"You are a perfect lady bug,  
And yet, my sweet, it's not  
enough!

Dear little girl, I've come to know  
It's up to me to find hot stuff."  
(His voice grew rough.)

"You do not realize," he said,  
"Just what my future office is;  
I have to look facts in the face  
And plan on metamorphosis!"

(What scoff is his!)

And then he told her that in view  
Of changes in the coming year,  
He'd need a wife whose attributes  
Would fit her for a higher sphere.

(Ah, gentle tear!)

And she who'd waited these long  
weeks

To plight her ladybuggy troth  
Must now give up her share in him  
To any little gaudy moth.

(It made her wroth.)

### MORAL

So, girls, take not a rising man,  
Lest golden moments flutter by;  
You never know what night he'll  
leave

To go and chase a butterfly.  
(Nor mutter why.)

—New Yorker.

\* \* \*

The sad plight of the wife of the  
editor of one of the sex magazines  
has been reported to us. The  
other night she said to him wist-  
fully, "Henry, you never make  
love to me any more," to be put  
off with, "Darling, I don't like to  
talk shop at home." —Exchange.

\* \* \*

Mother (to Michael, who has  
been sent to bed early for mis-  
conduct): "Well, Mickey, are  
you writing that letter to Daddy  
saying you're sorry?"

Michael: "If you must know,  
I'm writing to the Archbishop of  
Canterbury to get a divorce from  
you both.

—Punch.

\* \* \*

### Statistics

Statistics prove that Yale gradu-  
ates have 1.3 children while Vassar  
graduates have 1.7 children. This  
all goes to prove that women  
have more than men do.

—Vassar Vagabond.



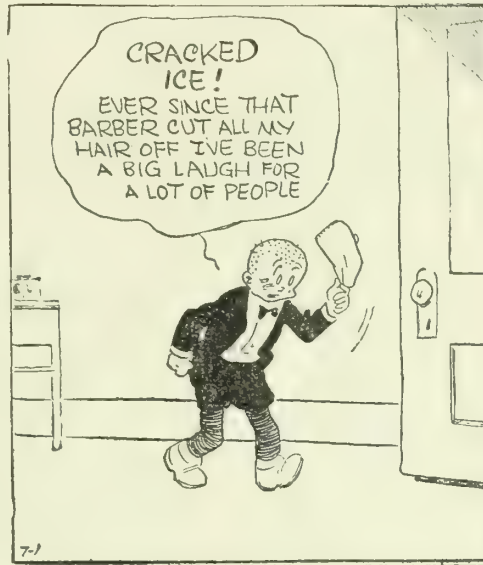
"What are you running for?"

"To get home quickly Mother  
has promised me a spanking!"

"And you are running to get it?"

"Yes. I want to be there before  
father comes home."

—Pele Mele, Paris.



## Meet Smitty!

The original wrecker of system and  
efficiency in any business office

Treat yourself to a laugh every  
morning by reading about the  
rollicking exploits of this in-  
corrigible youngster

*in*

# The Globe.

*Canada's National Newspaper*

**\$5.00 BY MAIL  
IN CANADA**

**\$6.00 DELIVERED  
IN TORONTO**

**Herbert  
Tareyton**  
London Cigarettes



"There's something  
about them  
you'll like"

20 for 35¢ T36

For **Herbert  
Tareyton**  
LONDON  
Pipe **SMOKING MIXTURE**

### Explanation

Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Driver: Yes, your honour.

Judge: What have you to say in your defence?

Driver: I didn't know it was loaded.

—Exchange.

### True to His Breeding

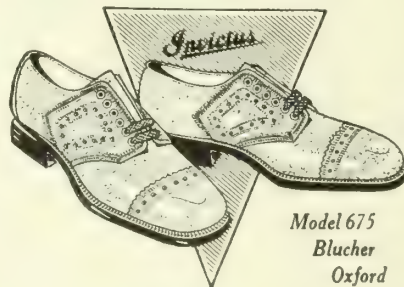
"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'Lie down, mister,'" declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."

—Voo Doo

## Breezy!

Wear shoes like these—with a bit of a breeze—a suspicion of swagger—faultlessly correct. You'll like them.



Model 675  
Blucher  
Oxford

The Eagle Shoe Co., Limited, Montreal

**Invictus**  
THE BEST GOOD SHOE  
— *always keeps its shape*

Sold  
by the  
best shoe  
dealers

## Free Speech

(Continued from page 33)

### Bouquet and Suggestion

Ottawa, Canada,  
July 18th, 1927.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find renewal of my subscription to THE GOBLIN. This evidence of the pleasure that I derive from your publication, and after the whole family has enjoyed a copy we send it down to P.E.I.

What I do object to is your method of getting subscriptions. Either a thing is worth buying for its own sake or it is not. Why in H—I should I help pay for the college course of some moron who would make a good plumber? The next man (or woman) who tries to sell me a subscription to anything on the plea that he is paying his way through Varsity, or supporting a sister suffering from strabismus, will be presented with some English not contained in the Oxford dictionary.

Faithfully yours,

NORMAN L. BURNETTE.

Editor's note: It shocks us greatly to learn that one of our subscription men, who are the most veracious and guileless people in the world, should have told Mr. Burnette a great big fib like that. After a severe grilling one of our salesmen did break down and confess. He tenders Mr. Burnette his apologies and blames it on prohibition. Says it will never happen again.

\* \* \*

### What Price Conscience?

Lion's Head, Ontario,  
July 11, 1927.

THE GOBLIN,  
Manager,

Dear Sir:

Some time ago I entered your contest and won first prize by sending correct number, and contrary to your promise that tie-breaking contest would be as solvable as the first, you sent out a contest which was very vulgar and disgusting and which was not solvable at all, but only a guess game and depended upon the likes or dislikes of your contestants for filthy jokes and cartoons.

You certainly have not been fair, and your vulgar paper should be brought to the notice of the Social Service Council and put out of business. However, if you send me the balance of mine and my son's, Harvey Grove's subscription money sent in, and stop our papers at once, I will be content and let the matter drop.

Yours for purity and honesty,

REV. LESLIE GROVE.

Only a mind soured by reading "Elmer Gantry" induces us to publish the Rev. Mr. Grove's letter. All the cartoons and jokes used in connection with the contest were from pages of Goblin and similiar to those now in current use.

EDITOR.

\* \* \*

Stranger: "Are the police in this town mounted?"

Town Jokester: "No, only stuffed."  
—Widow.



### Direct Appeal

Mr. Frank Case, of the Algonquin Hotel, is wondering if he has encountered a new school of advertising. Some weeks ago he commissioned a young copy writer to prepare an advertisement for publication in a dozen southern newspapers. The copy submitted did not quite suit the hotelier, and he sketched out in long-hand his idea of what it ought to be.

"Something like this," he wrote with his suggestion, assuming that he had conveyed his general idea and that the copy writer would replace a few "dummy" words he had used by elegant ones, enumerating the qualities of his hostelry. Apparently, however, the agent believed no change was needed, for last week Mr. Case began receiving clippings of the advertisement as it appeared in the Dixie press. It read thus:

#### A GENTLEMAN OF THE SOUTH

His wife or daughter will find at the Hotel Algonquin, West 44th Street, New York City, all the hooy and what's this of a refined home, together with an interested attention for their comfort.

Famous Restaurant,  
Frank Case, Proprietor.

—*New Yorker.*

\* \* \*

News Item—One man is knocked down by an automobile every ten minutes in Chicago. One would think it would wear him out.

—*Centre Colonel.*

\* \* \*

Electrician (from roof): "Just hang on to two of them wires, George."

"Right!"

Electrician: "Feel anything?"

George: "No."

Electrician: "Well, don't touch the other two, 'cause there's two thousand volts in them."

—*Passing Show.*

\* \* \*

"What ho, Diogenes, looking for an honest man?"

"No. Where are my pants?"

—*Yale Record.*

\* \* \*

#### Sale

Physician: "Take a deep breath and say four."

Abie: "Three-ninety-eight."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

### Zoological

Lilly White: "Paw, whut am a millennium?"

Paw: "Doan' you know wot am a millennium, chile? It's jes' about de same's a centennial, only it's got mo' legs."

—*Stone Mill.*

\* \* \*

A New York actress was giving a benefit performance at Sing Sing. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," she trilled.

From the back of the room a deep voice ejected, "But, lady, how they do help!"

—*Punch Bowl.*



Princeton: "The idea of letting your girl tell everybody she has made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that about me."

Harvard: "No, but I heard her tell Smith that she had done the best she could."

—*Lord Jeff.*

\* \* \*

#### Honest

"Come across now. Where did you put them diamonds?"

"I shoved 'em back, sir."

"Back where?"

Back with the rest of the deck."

—*Pitt Panther.*

## A NEW OMELETTE

Add a Teaspoonful of Bovril to every two eggs. Mix in usual way

# BOVRIL

Makes Them Delicious TM

## Subscribers

HAVE YOU A  
COPY OF  
GOBLIN ISSUE  
FOR

# October, 1926

Goblin's, Limited, will pay 50 cents for each copy of the October, 1926, issue returned to this office in good condition.

J. E. McDOUGALL,

Editor,

170 Bay St.,

Toronto

# STOPS



## SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
Montreal



25 Years

In Use

# Quick Relief

for

## CUTS BURNS BITES

**D**odd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment is a safe, soothing treatment for all skin abrasions, infections and irritations. Its powerful, antiseptic action prevents infection of open wounds and enables the exceptional healing qualities of this famous ointment to quickly relieve pain and irritation and bring about a speedy recovery.

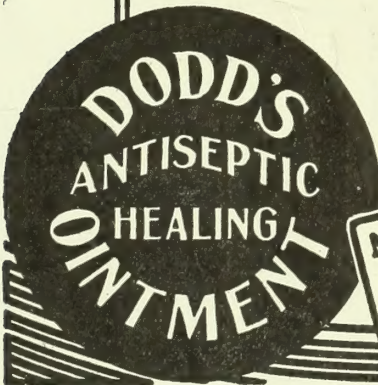
### Dodd's Antiseptic-Healing OINTMENT

for cuts, burns, scalds, bites, sore feet, abscesses, old sores, boils, eczema, piles, ulcers, hives and all diseases of the skin. Absolutely pure and non-irritating. An excellent after-shaving treatment for tender skins. Heals small cuts or chafing and leaves the skin smooth and soft.

*Keep a tin on hand for  
regular and emergency use*

50c At All Druggists

SEND COUPON BELOW  
FOR GENEROUS  
TRIAL TIN



**MAIL THIS FOR SAMPLE**

Enclose this coupon with your name and address and 3c stamp to The Dodds Medicine Co. Ltd., Toronto 2, Ont., for trial tin of Dodd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment.

Coloured Customer: "Ah wants a toothbrush."

Clerk: "What size will you have?"

Coloured Customer: "De biggest an' strongest one you got—dey's ten in mah family."

—Chaparral.

"Now, Robert," said a teacher dilating on the virtue of politeness, "If you were seated in a car, every seat of which was occupied, and a lady entered, what would you do?"

"Pretend I was asleep," was the unhesitating reply.

—Lafayette Lyre.

### Praise

The fresh co-ed was being enrolled at summer school by the handsome young prof. To hide his embarrassment he fired the questions at her in rapid succession:

"What name?"

"Mary Jones."

"What age?"

"Twenty."

"What class?"

"Thanks, prof. You are looking pretty smooth yourself!"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

\* \* \*

Phyllis: "It took Jack twenty lessons to teach me to swim."

Sabyna: "The cad! He taught me in four!" —*Columbia Jester.*

\* \* \*

### A Suggestion

Alone?

Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?—*The Sun.*

To name one, there is Mr. Levine.

—*New Yorker.*

\* \* \*

Conductor: "How many in this berth?"

Stude: "Only one, conductor; here's our ticket."

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

\* \* \*

Over the Phone: "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?"

Service: "Yes, sir, we do."

O. T. P.: "Let him out."

—*Awgwan.*

\* \* \*

"It's never too late to say dye," said the red-headed girl.

"Yes, it is," said the bald-headed man.

—*Punch Bowl.*

\* \* \*

"Is this a picture of your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"She must be very wealthy."

—*Dodo.*

# Restful Light

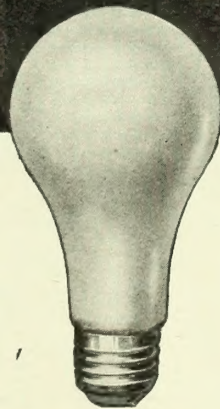


**R**EADING or working becomes doubly pleasurable when done by the well-diffused light of the new Edison Mazda Lamps.

Frosted on the inside, these lamps prevent glare, yet they let through practically as much light as the old clear-glass lamps.

Modernize your home with Edison Mazda Inside Frosted Lamps. They have longer life—their smooth outer surface sheds dust—and they harmonize in color with their surroundings.

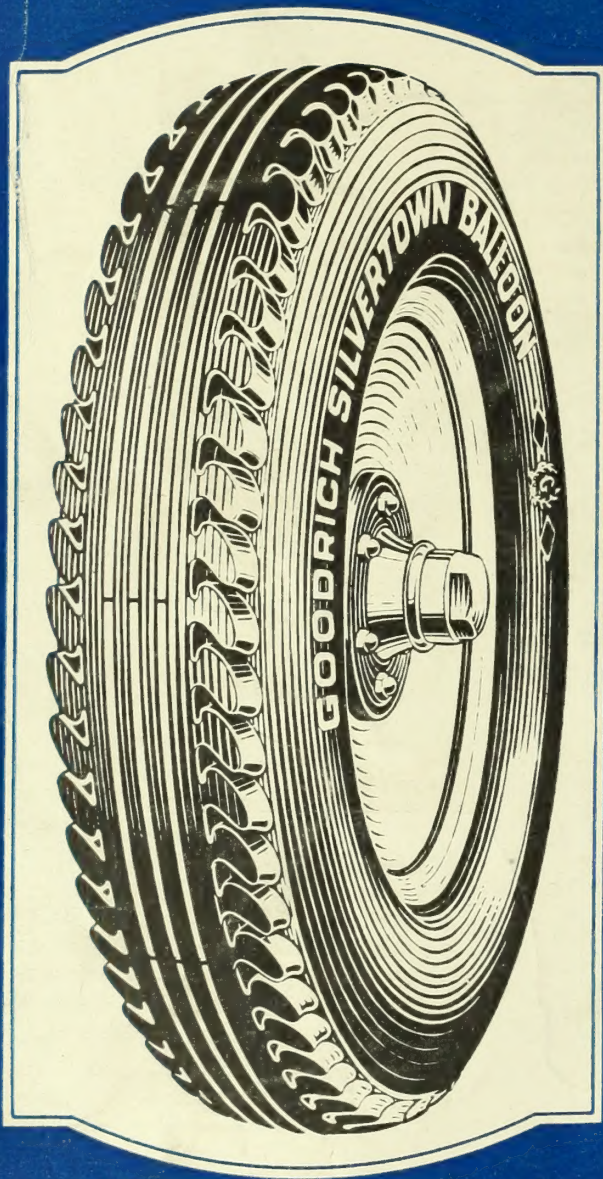
Buy Edison Mazda Lamps by the carton of six, and always have a supply for emergencies.



## EDISON MAZDA **INSIDE FROSTED** LAMPS

A Canadian General Electric Product

# Distinctive!



Goodrich  
**Silvertown**  
CORD TIRES

“THEY PAY THEIR WAY”